

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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HAS THE EARTH ANOTHER MOON?

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Eight

ONE FIGHT MORE THE BEST AND THE LAST A Shining Deed in a Troubled World

MARGARET BOILEAU OF NORFOLK

This is a modern biography, a light on the present times.

In Ketteringham Park, Norfolk, there lived a baronet whose name was Sir Francis Manningham Boileau. In the year 1867 a daughter was born to him whom he named Margaret Lucy. She had many friends in childhood, loved her beautiful home, and was growing up like scores of other country girls whose parents are well enough off to give them a happy time in natural surroundings.

But Margaret Boileau was not satisfied with pleasure. She felt in her heart the tug of a world that was not happy. Every day she found it impossible to live solely for her own enjoyment.

Serving the World

Across the bright sunlight of her innocent days fell the black shadow of the great unhappy world outside her father's park gates, and this shadow struck cold into her heart and reproached her with vanity and selfishness.

At last she surrendered. She flung away all pleasant things that made life beautiful, and went out into the black, unhappy world to serve the sorrowful legions of humanity.

First she flung herself into social work, then she sought to make the world better by politics, and finally, when she was over thirty, she decided to put herself to school. She went to the London School of Medicine. In 1906, being then thirty-nine, she qualified as a doctor, and went out into the world to fight the ignorance which makes for so much suffering and sickness among the poor of London.

Under the Banner of Truth

The war came, and she gave herself to the service of the children. All through that dreadful time she carried on an earnest work of propaganda, striving to teach people that it is as necessary to take care of the body as it is to take care of a motor-engine. She was an enthusiast for national intelligence, and regarded national ignorance as a more desperate enemy than the Prussian Army. She loved fighting darkness. She could serve under only one banner—the banner of truth.

A few months ago, while she was engaged in striving to discover the cause of cancer, she fell ill. She became worse. The doctors arrived. They examined her. They told her that she was doomed. Her illness was cancer.

What did Margaret Boileau do when she heard her sentence of doom? She sent for professional friends, told them to provide themselves with note-books, and while they sat at her bedside she dictated to them her feelings as the disease gained upon her. She had only

The Fairy Boy of Piccadilly Circus



The beautiful figure of Cupid that looks down on London from the top of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain in Piccadilly Circus. Art experts suggest that this should be placed in such a position that its loveliness could be seen to greater advantage. See page 4

one idea. It was to serve humanity even on her deathbed. Up to the last gasp, suffering unutterable pain, she worked for this idea. She died fighting ignorance, struggling for knowledge, serving humanity. Her banner was never lowered.

She was one of those fighters of whom Robert Browning loved to write, of whom he wrote those famous lines in *Prospice*, which end up with a vision of his own passing, and his meeting again with the wife he loved:

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes
and forbore,

And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers

The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears

Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that
rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out
of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast;
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,

And with God be the rest!

The brave seaman, the intrepid fire-
man, the gallant miner, and the steel-
nerved engineer, all men who calmly
face death in the sacred name of Duty,
will recognise in Margaret Boileau a
true sister of the blood.

Such women make life noble. We
need not fear the evil of the modern
world while such glorious fighters march
in the ranks of advancing humanity.

ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS

Out of the 15 million pounds distrib-
uted by the Rockefeller Foundation
in the last ten years, four millions have
been spent on public health.

A VILLAGE IN TEARS

THE SORROWS OF OBERAMMERGAU

The Grief of Judas at the Death
of Pilate

WHAT DID THE WAR MEN CARE?

In the village of Oberammergau, famous throughout the whole world, there is dark and bitter suffering. The peasants, who have attracted thousands of people from all nations to witness their Passion Play, are stricken by a poverty from which there is no hope of release.

All the thrift of their beautiful lives, all the financial self-sacrifice made for their children's sake, are thrown away. For years they put by coins which were worth a shilling, and it would now take millions of such coins to make a sixpence.

The other day the peasant who has played the part of Pilate in the Passion Play died. He was nursed by his widowed daughter-in-law, who played the part of Mary, and who was a daughter of the man who has played the part of Judas. This Pilate and this Judas had been schoolboys together, and loved each other, and now Judas bows his head and the tears run down his cheeks as he sits carving wood or painting pictures, while Mary, who has returned to her home, comforts him and bids him hope.

A Sacred Story

Rich men from America have offered these peasants enormous sums of money if they will act their play for the cinema; but Anton Lang, who has played the part of Christ, will not consent to such a thing, and the other starving peasants support him. They do not know where the picture would be shown, and they will not let such a story be told in music-halls.

It is good to know that an English-woman is helping these poor people. Miss Seale, of 128A, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, is helping them to sell carved wood and little pictures. She told us the other day of the village photographer, a woman, who is just out of hospital after a bad operation and cannot afford to buy milk or the food she needs. "These are people who have been fairly well-off; they are now selling anything they possess in order to get their daily food."

Mourning and Tears

Did the grand military gentlemen, strutting about Europe in their Prussian helmets, glittering uniforms, and jackboots in 1914, realise that they were striking down the peasant-players of Oberammergau, and plunging that lovely spot, sacred with the most lovely memories, into mourning and tears?

What did it matter to them? They were prepared to strike down the Christ Himself, and in the body of humanity to bring Him once more to the bitter Cross. Pilate is dead, but Judas still lives. We must beware of Judas, lest he betray us once more to the devil of war.

ARMIES AND PEOPLE THE AFTER-WAR CRISIS IN EUROPE

What Has Happened in Five
Countries

IS POPULAR GOVERNMENT
IN DANGER?

By Our Political Correspondent

Throughout Southern Europe a state of unrest exists which has no exact likeness in modern history, though somewhat similar ferment occurred about 1830 and 1848.

Risings in force against the Governments of various countries have occurred, as they occurred at those earlier periods, but those risings were by the people against kings. Now they are risings by armies against elected Governments, the armies seizing power to overrule Parliaments chosen to represent the majority of the people.

It was so in Russia. An elected Parliament was trying to govern Republican Russia when Lenin and his clique seized the centres of government by force; and they have ruled by force ever since.

In Greece the army suddenly and savagely overthrew the elected Greek Government, and military rule, without the sanction of the people by election, remains in authority.

Governments Overthrown

In Italy, where the Communists were bringing the trade of the country to a standstill under a weak elected Government that could not maintain order, Signor Mussolini and his Fascisti comrades turned out the Government by force and took their place, and they continue ruling, apparently by the will of the Italian people, though without free, formal, popular election.

In Bulgaria a Government under the peasant Premier Stamboliski had been elected by a great majority, when it was suddenly overthrown by a middle-class uprising under Professor Zankoff, with the aid of the army. Stamboliski was killed, and an unelected Government remains in office, and has crushed by force two risings of the peasants who are partly sympathisers with Stamboliski and partly Communists.

The Appeal to Force

In Spain a government that was properly elected but was weak in its handling of public affairs and represented a corrupt official system, was suddenly overthrown by a plot made by the officers of the army and supported by the troops; and a general, the Marquis of Estella, rules by agreement with the king as an absolute dictator.

In all these five countries peaceful representative government by men elected by the people as a whole has been set aside, and only in Bulgaria has there been even an unsuccessful attempt to resist the seizure of power by a minority using force of arms.

Here, then, as an unsettling effect of the war, and the difficulties it has brought in its train, we see the system of popular government, which is the sheet-anchor of the leading nations and the foundation for justice and freedom, brushed aside swiftly, and government by a masterful few, who have armies behind them, taking its place.

The Need of Justice

It is a most startling change over a very wide area—a long step backward according to the most cherished ideas of the leading civilised nations. Why has it been tamely allowed?

The fact is that in each of the countries concerned popular government has not been worked with a justice and skill that have commanded respect and confidence. The level of genuine public spirit has not been high enough to support it. People have been either

GRASSINGTON JACK HOW HE SET THE PEOPLE TALKING

Exciting End of a Rabbit Chase
on the Yorkshire Fells

HURRAH FOR THE GRITSTONE
CLUB

If it is within the power of a sharp doggie to appreciate public notice then Jack, the young terrier belonging to Mr. Town, of Grassington, in Upper Wharfedale, ought to be the proudest of his kind, for surely never has a small dog attracted more lively notice than he.

For four days, some weeks ago, Wharfedale was buzzing with excitement about him, and his name resounded to as distant a place as the city of Bradford, in the adjoining vale of Airedale.

It was Jack's delight in chasing the gamesome rabbit that was his undoing, but gave him his fame.

During an exciting walk with his master on the breezy Yorkshire fells above Grassington Jack came upon a rabbit, and was off on its track in a moment. Just as he was feeling sure he had it the rabbit darted down a fissure in a rock, and Jack plunged recklessly into the opening after it.

In the Pit

Then he met with a surprise—it was the only thing he did meet with—for he at once found himself plunging down and down and down into nether darkness, till he was brought to rest at the foot of a rocky hole, twenty yards deep.

His master saw where he went, and soon concluded, from the nature of his distant cries, that the pitfall was such that no terrier, however nimble, could hope to ascend it.

So he went home and collected his neighbours for consultation. They came, but they, too, could not think of any means of rescue. All they could do was to encourage Jack by shouting cheerful greetings down the hole, and by launching into it bones and biscuits and rations of rabbit which they knew he greatly loved.

Then somebody remembered that in distant Bradford was a rock climbers' club, famed for clambering enterprises. So the Gritstone Club was appealed to to show its mettle and skill, and climb down into the narrow darkness where Jack was imprisoned as in a dungeon.

Safe Home at Last

It was four days after Jack's surprising fall that the club assembled, with rope ladders and other apparatus of their craft, and a young member of the club, slim enough to squeeze through the steep and narrow passage, was roped and let down by his comrades, to receive at the bottom a rapturous welcome from Jack, who seemed to understand the use of the ropes by which he was hauled to the surface.

The first use Jack made of his liberty, after effusively greeting his master and thanking his rescuers, was to have a mad gallop round to stretch his limbs.

The humane and skilful rescuers from Bradford had a big audience of Jack's neighbours as they hauled him out, for Wharfedale men are kindly folk.

Continued from the previous column

indifferent, or hopeless, or willing to take the risk of getting better government, for the moment, even from tyranny.

Popular government can only rest, safely and confidently, on sound, active, intelligent, fair public spirit. It is failing utterly in China for want of that spirit. It is failing in India, for the same reason.

The greatest of all decisions in the nations that lead the world should be this—that neither in those nations as a whole, nor in any section of their population, shall the principle of Popular Government fail for need of thoughtfulness, knowledge, and sympathetic feeling.

J. D.

ENGLAND LOSES A GREAT MAN

JOHN MORLEY

One of the Most Dignified
Figures of His Generation

JOURNALIST, AUTHOR,
AND STATESMAN

One of the greatest and most dignified Englishmen has been withdrawn from us by the death of Viscount Morley. He was the only journalist who ever became a Cabinet Minister in this country.

A fine master in the realm of literature, a historian and philosopher with a style of writing as clear and harmonious as it was full, John Morley was also one of those politicians with a true vision of the great things, and a most competent administrator.

His personality was such that he could deeply move masses of men, though he had none of the arts of the demagogue. All felt that in him was the power of character, thought, and knowledge, blended with a tender humanity.

While he yet lived he was, to thoughtful onlookers, a fine historical figure, central in the history of his times, commanding admiration like one of the vital personalities of the past, an Edmund Burke with a practical grasp of public life which Burke never had.

A Rare Spirit

It was characteristic that to the British nation he was always John Morley; and he will remain John Morley. The John was a trustful honour, not a familiarity. It had the same ring in the people's mind as William Pitt has, or Abraham Lincoln. And yet there was affection in it. For everyone felt that in him breadth of view, depth of reflection, and inflexibility in principle were united with a rare sweetness of spirit.

And how truly dignified was his withdrawal from public service! Nothing in the life of this great man became him better than his exit from the national stage. He felt that his essential work was done, and he quietly stepped aside. He laid down his responsibilities without any sensation. He would not hamper those from whom he perhaps differed.

No word of his made other men's tasks the harder. He passed into a decade of rest content to leave what he had done to history, without any personal emphasis. A very great man!

FRIENDLY JAPANESE Nation's Genius for Goodwill

We in the West do not always think of the Japanese as friendly, yet they have a real genius for and tradition of friendship. Those who know them best love them most, and the appalling disasters that have come to their land and people will make us all more kindly disposed toward them.

One of the leading newspapers in Tokio recently offered medals and prizes for the best essays by Japanese boys and girls on Japan and Great Britain. One young essayist wrote: "Even though the water of the Pacific Ocean may dry up, or the snow on Fuji melt away, it is our ardent wish that the friendship between Japan and Great Britain may never change." That schoolboy expressed the unfaltering loyalty which has always been a characteristic of the Japanese.

Just before the Prince of Wales went to Japan last year, Dr. Cochrane, the great authority on the Far East, was paying one of his frequent visits to the Land of the Rising Sun. While in Kobe he boarded a tram-car in the crowded part of the day and was "strap-hanging" near the door. The car stopped and several people got on. The first was a young man who, in clutching a strap, kicked Dr. Cochrane's foot. He apologised and, looking down, saw that he had dirtied the doctor's boot. Without hesitation he took out his handkerchief and wiped off the mark his sandal had made.

THE CHILDREN PAY THE BILL

LONDON HOSPITAL PROUD
OF THE C.N. FAMILY

The Splendid Place the World
Will be When We Grow Up

JACK KEIGHTLEY'S UNKNOWN
FRIENDS

On behalf of the London Hospital the C.N. thanks the hundreds of readers who have paid the bill for saving the life of Jack Keightley, whose father raced over from South Africa with his pale little lad, found Lord Knutsford in the very nick of time, and is now back with his boy, happy and smiling again, in Johannesburg.

We asked our readers to pay the hospital's expenses in giving life and happiness to Jack Keightley free of charge, and our readers have sent the hospital hundreds of half-crowns for its splendid work.

The London Hospital is one of the greatest institutions in the world, but it is one of the busiest, too, and we hope our readers will not expect a personal acknowledgment from Lord Knutsford. Here we thank them for him, so that he may save his energy for those who suffer, whom he serves. Here, in Lord Knutsford's absence, Mr. E. W. Morris, the House Governor of the London Hospital, sends his thanks to our little people. It is good for an editor to find a letter like this on his desk:

Lord Knutsford is at the moment enjoying a well-earned holiday in a wild part of Scotland. When he returns he will write to your little children and thank them.

But I think I ought to let you know that with this morning's post—Thursday, September 20—we have received from your big family 616 half-crowns and 11d. over. The 11d. is made up from little gifts of stamps from some of the mites who have evidently sent their very own pocket-money, and have denied themselves in doing so.

I know this was so in one case, because I found three stamps wrapped up in a little bit of exercise book paper, and on looking at this paper to find out where the stamps came from, I could only find the word "chocolate," which was crossed out, and "little boy" written under it. I do not know who sent it, but you may well be proud of your family; the London is very proud of having such friends.

Some of the dear children seem to have written from boarding-school; and I think father and mother would be amused at the things they tell us. One little girl sent a half-crown "because a hospital had made Mummie ever so well." What a splendid place the world will be when these children become grown-ups! God bless them all!

And so, to all our little people everywhere, say we: God bless you all!

LEAGUE TURNS A NATION BACK

Abyssinia to Civilise Herself

The Commission of the League of Nations which has been considering Abyssinia's claim to join the League favoured, after two hours' discussion, that the claim should be held over for a year, but not rejected.

The reasons for delay were that Abyssinia has not faithfully fulfilled her international duties in the past; has not abstained sufficiently from traffic in arms; and has not been as zealous as she should be in suppressing slavery.

In short, the feeling was that Abyssinia should be put on probation in the hope that next year she may be qualified for admission as a civilised nation.

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The Children's Newspaper

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GREAT OAK OF SHERWOOD FOREST

SAD NEWS FOR ROBIN HOOD'S COUNTRY

The Old Trees that Have Come
Down to Us Through History

MORE LOVERS OF TREES WANTED

The oaks of Sherwood Forest are famous in story and known to thousands of people, and the report that the Major Oak is showing unusual signs of decay will be received with general regret.

The report which brings the ill news contains the claim that this oak is the oldest tree in England, but the same thing is said in a dozen districts of as many different trees, oaks and yews. Nobody knows which is our oldest tree.

We say that an oak takes 300 years to mature and 300 years to decay and fall, but there is no proof of any such cycle. Theoretically a tree might go on living indefinitely. It takes up new matter each year, and every tip of every branch is a new thing, with the gift of new life like that of a seedling fresh from the seed.

A Tree's Age

A general test of the age of a tree is the number of rings discernible in its trunk when the tree is felled. But we find that there is a dangerous fallacy in the method. When caterpillars attack our oaks and gnaw off the leaves and buds, the trees put forth redoubled efforts to repair the ravages, and so form a second ring in each year of the caterpillar plague.

We have had caterpillar epidemics among the oaks for several years now, and if these trees were cut down and examined we should be led into attributing to them two years for every year that they have reacted to the ravages of the insects.

Mr. Henry Elwes, a great authority on the subject, devoted ten years to a loving pilgrimage among our British trees, and he could find no evidence to support the legends of great age among our forest giants. Trees grow much more quickly than we imagine, and are monsters in fact when in fancy they should be but youngsters, and so are credited with centuries beyond their due.

Nelson's Admiral

We owe our noble trees to lovers of the greenwood who planted them on valuable land and cared for them more than for profit, so that the trees remained long after they might have been sold at great price. The fear is that, with new men on old acres, this practice will not be continued, and that we shall lose the forests which help to make ours so green and pleasant a land.

We shall need another Collingwood to head a crusade. That grand old admiral whom Nelson loved, whenever he was ashore walked about the country lanes with a handful of acorns, "to drop them in the hedge bottoms and let them take their chance." Many a Collingwood oak flourishes today. He thought his trees would make new wooden walls for old England; he dreamed he was planting a new navy in the English soil.

Ships of oak are things of the past, but our need for wood is greater than ever, and in no respect more so than in keeping our country sweet and beautiful as it has ever been.

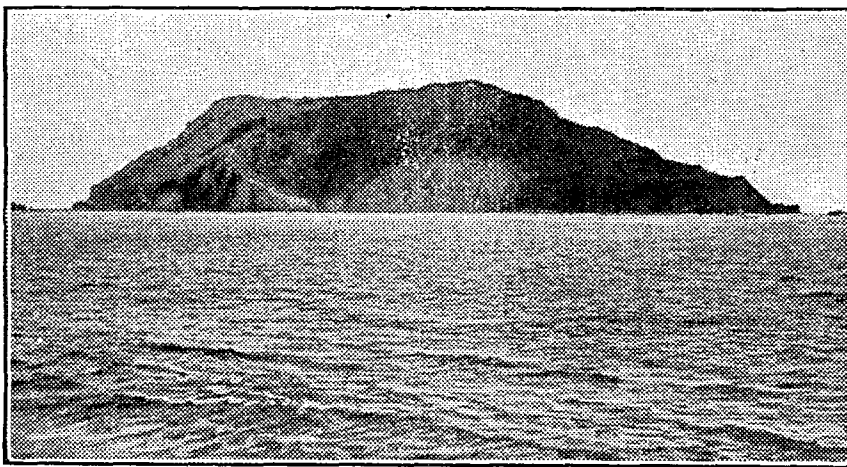
KEEPING THE EGGS A New Way

A machine for preserving large quantities of eggs at a rapid rate has been invented by a San Francisco engineer.

The eggs are placed in baskets three feet long and two feet wide, and run along the machine to a tank, where they are dipped for thirty seconds in a bath of vegetable oil heated by electricity.

The oil, which is nearly at the boiling point of water, fills up the pores in the egg-shells and prevents air getting into the eggs, as the familiar water-glass does.

THE PEOPLE OF PITCAIRN ISLAND



Pitcairn Island as it appears from the sea



Looking out from Pitcairn Island on a windy day



A group of Pitcairn Islanders



The road leading from the shore to Adamstown

These pictures show scenes in Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific, where the mutineers of the *Bounty* settled and built up a patriarchal community, after they had seized the vessel and set their officers adrift. Two of the islanders have been visiting London. See next column

VISITORS FROM A LONELY ISLAND

Men of Pitcairn Come to Town

MEMORY OF A FAMOUS MUTINY

We all can feel the excitement of discovering lonely lands, perhaps containing secrets that have baffled human inquiry before; but how small must that excitement be compared with that of a traveller from one of the lonely places outside the busy world who discovers the amazingly crowded and varied life of London.

The traveller from the rushing modern world to the quiet places must search for new points of interest. But the strange sights of London thrust themselves on the wanderer from lonely lands, and daze, deafen, and confuse him by their wonder, their multitude, and their bewildering changefulness.

That has been the experience of Elliott Christian and Skelly Warren, two Pitcairn Islanders who have had the almost unparalleled experience of leaving their native island in the Pacific and visiting first New Zealand and then London.

It is believed that before Christian and Warren left Pitcairn only two men born there and one woman have left the island in modern times. The men left during the war, and the woman went to America.

The Wonder of London

Pitcairn was uninhabited till, 134 years ago, a group of mutineers from the ship *Bounty* occupied it, and took Polynesian wives. The great-great-grandfather of Christian was the leader of the mutineer colonists.

It can hardly be expected that men who have lived all their lives with about 120 others in the middle of the Pacific, on an island of only two square miles, and 100 miles away from the nearest island, can have language or ideas varied enough to express their feelings when they see London, surpassing their wildest imaginations. It must be like being born into another planet, so wide is the difference between the simple life of Pitcairn and twentieth-century London.

And surely the fact that Pitcairn comes to London is a crowning example of the unity of all the world through ships and trains.

Pictures on this page

AN APPLE PIE IN EIGHT STEPS.

And a Whole Dinner in Eighty

Much has been done in recent years to eliminate unnecessary movements of workers in factories.

When the work is badly organised, or the machinery is badly placed, double and treble the number of movements of hand and foot have to be made in carrying out various operations.

By what is known as time-and-motion study, efficiency experts in the factories have revealed many unnecessary movements, showing the workers how to cut these out and produce more work in a given time.

Now the same principle is to be applied to the home. Recently a domestic science demonstrator showed to a class of women how in a badly arranged kitchen the housewife walks many unnecessary miles as she does her cooking and performs her other duties.

The demonstration lasted a great part of the day, and while the teacher cooked the breakfast bacon and eggs, passing backward and forward between the table and the fire, and then proceeded to prepare dinner and tea and supper in the same way, she wore fastened to her foot a pedometer which registered the distance walked.

She then rearranged the kitchen and showed how an apple pie could be made in eight steps and a whole dinner prepared in eighty.

THE PRICE OF MEAT

WHAT A SURREY
GRAZIER SAYS

Urgent Need for Better
Organisation

WHY FOOD IS DEAR

By Our Economic Correspondent

The price of food generally continues so high, despite a certain fall from the war figures, that the Government has set up a special committee to inquire into the way agricultural produce is distributed and priced.

So far the committee has reported on fruit and vegetables. Those who had studied the question were not surprised to find that the committee blamed both transport charges and badly-organised distribution for the very big difference which unfortunately exists between the price at which growers sell their produce and the price the public pay.

Some of these differences are very great. Frequently we find vegetables and fruit retailed to the public at two and three times the price at which they were sold by the growers.

A Market Difficulty

That, of course, is a very great pity both for the grower and the buyer. It means that the people who work to produce food are badly paid, though at the shop we are charged a high price for a pound of apples or a cauliflower. London, whose great population needs an enormous amount of food, is badly served by the cramped, badly-situated, and unhealthy Covent Garden Market, to which produce has to be brought from great distances. It is a very long way from any railway station, which makes the handling of produce very difficult.

One of our war Food Controllers was so impressed by the muddle and waste of it that he said: "I have again and again been impressed by the complexity of methods by which we achieve so simple an operation as bringing a cauliflower from the grower in Kent to the housewife in Golder's Green. Every one of the ten-million packages of fruit imported yearly into London is taken once or twice across the heart of London."

Unnecessary Cartage

"There is, roughly, an average of 974 tons of vegetables carted into the London markets and out of them every day, either for other markets in the circle of Greater London or to rail stations for towns in every corner of the Kingdom."

Can we be surprised at the story of a housewife who was paying sevenpence a bunch for radishes sold by the grower at three farthings within twenty miles of her kitchen?

The committee referred to is now considering meat and other foods, where the conditions are pretty much the same.

A Surrey cattle breeder tells us how little he gets for his prime English beef. He sells his cattle for about 53s. a hundredweight, or 5½d. a pound. About two-fifths of a beast consists of pelt and offal, so that, as there are 112 pounds in a hundredweight, each yields about 67 pounds of saleable meat. That makes 9½d. a pound, allowing nothing for the fact that the offal and pelt have a saleable value.

Low Prices and High Prices

But, though the beef is thus obtained at 9½d. a pound, it is sold for prices varying from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 11d. a pound. The best joints are selling for between 1s. 6d. and 1s. 11d. a pound.

We can imagine the feelings of a cattle breeder who gets quite a moderate price for his meat and sees it sold for high prices to the public.

We hope that facts like these will be brought to the attention of the committee, and that those in authority will bestir themselves to bring about such an organisation of food distribution as will give fair selling prices to farmers and fair buying prices in the shops.

ARTHUR MEE'S GOOD-NIGHT TO YOUNG ENGLAND

Sitting on his hilltop in Kent, the Editor hears the midnight bell. Night, with her train of stars and her sweet gift of sleep, is on our Island. Another day has gone; one day less for this world of life and love and beauty, one day nearer to that world of wonder all untold. And out of the darkness of night comes the whisper that half his life is done on Earth; its high noon is behind. So much to do, so little done. Has all the striving and toiling been worth while?

In his new book, just published, the Editor tells us what he thinks as he stands with the noon of his life behind him. This is how he says "Good-Night to Young England" in Arthur Mee's Wonderful Day. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

At last, whether he will it or no, a man must count the years; there is an end of pretending when half a man's life is over and done. He looks back and thinks, however busy he is, and what things there are for him to think about!

He thinks of all the hopes of other days, of all the things he tried to do, and nothing seems quite as it was to have been. Has it been worth while, all this planning and toiling? How many things he would do differently now! How many he would never do at all! How many times he would have gone the other way!

The New Horizons

Life is ever like that, and only the stupid are satisfied. We aim at the stars and hit a mountain-peak, or perhaps we hit only a lamp-post; and even so, as we look back, the thing we did seems less well done than it should have been. The thing that pleased us yesterday brings less satisfaction tomorrow; there are always new horizons, and the end is always farther off.

The disappointments of life—ah, how beyond all counting they seem when we look back! It is said of Charles Lamb that he went through life like a jester with a breaking heart, and how often we find our lives like that! We set out on a brave journey, with the spirit of adventure strong in us, like the men who sailed uncharted seas and cared not where their journey ended, so glorious was the way; and then a cloud bursts and the storm comes, and somehow there are always clouds and storms, and nothing seems smooth for long.

Life, seeming so simple as we grow out of childhood into youth, is like a ravelled knot as we grow older, and we must often laugh if we would keep back tears.

And yet the power to laugh to keep back tears—how wonderful that is! Life is worth while if you have that, and it is waiting for you. It is part of the well-balanced mind, and it comes from the right understanding of life.

We are not to allow the disappointments of life to blind us to the incalculable glory of it all. Few sorrows are really overwhelming; they bow us down, but Life lifts us up again, and we hear the bells ringing and the lark singing, and we feel the gladness of the sunshine on a field of waving corn. Out of the depths of the world our sorrows come, and the bitterness is more than we can bear; but out of the great heart of Nature our strength comes with each sorrow. The heart that knoweth its own bitterness findeth its own consolation, and it is the great consolations of this world that make this life a glory from the cradle to the grave.

Life's Sunny Skies

Our troubles vanish one by one; the mountains are less forbidding as we near them; the difficulties that seemed too great for us are conquered bit by bit; and if there is goal after goal, horizon after horizon, if one ambition is satisfied only for another to be born, the joy of doing is the eternal compensation for those whose work is never done.

The everlasting answer to all the sorrow of the world is that the joy outweighs it. Life's sunny skies count more than all its clouded days. It is full of surprise, its pleasures know no bounds, its glory and wonder are beyond all telling; and, toil as we may, dream as we will, suffer as we must, the years are worth the living, and it has been worth while. The Sun is in the heavens and the light falls on the hill, and all is well.

And so Good-night, Young England, a sweet sleep and a bright awakening.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COBBLER

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE, the American President, is not one of the people who cast off their old friends as they find themselves rising in the world.

On the contrary, he has thought it was demanded of him that he should state in plain words what he still feels about a shoemaker friend who gave him just the help he needed during his early career.

To Mr. James Lucey, shoemaker, of Northampton, Massachusetts, he writes from the White House:

I want you to know that if it were not for you I should not be here, and I want to tell you how much I love you.

Do not work too much now, and try to enjoy yourself in your well-earned leisure of age.

It seems that President Coolidge first met James Lucey when he wanted a pair of shoes mended. Coolidge was then a student at Amhurst College. A friend-

ship sprang up between the two, and later, when young Coolidge went into law for a living, and added to it activity in public business, James Lucey, fifteen years his senior, and an Irishman with a persuasive tongue, took up his cause with ardour whenever there happened to be an election.

But there must have been a close bond of friendship between the working shoemaker and the aspiring lawyer not accounted for by Lucey winning for his friend the Irish vote. The tone of the President's letter is too cordial and personal for a political friendship only. It is the man the President values; and that he, a silent, and usually unresponsive man, should so warmly assure the shoemaker of his lasting regard is a human touch very welcome in a too often forgetful world.

THE FAIRY BOY OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

WHAT WILL BE DONE
WITH HIM?

The Lovely Figure that Most
of Us Do Not See

A CHANCE FOR LONDON

By Our Art Correspondent

There are Londoners today living in remote places of the Earth for whom the mere mention of Piccadilly Circus means an attack of homesickness.

If you told them that Piccadilly Circus was ugly and misshapen, and quoted a writer who calls it an unhealed scar, they would probably say that did not matter in the least. Piccadilly Circus means—London, home for the holidays, bus-rides, going out to tea, and theatreland, a place which manages to catch the magic spirit of make-believe that we feel when lights are lowered. And our friends across the seas will feel just a wee bit anxious when they hear that the Circus is being replanned.

Where the Flower Girls Sit

But we can tell them that the alterations are to be done very discreetly, and a most important thing has happened. The Council of the Royal Society of British Sculptors has suggested that in the widening and reshaping of the Circus something should be done to give a better setting for the loveliest thing in it, and one of the loveliest things in London—the Shaftesbury Fountain, designed by Alfred Gilbert, in the centre of the Circus.

It is certain that many people have never noticed this fountain at all, and those who have would probably describe it as the place where the flower women sit. But the sad part is that very few people seem to be aware of the exquisite figure poised above the fountain. This is partly because so many of us have a bad habit of looking down as we walk or ride, as if we were blackbirds hunting for worms after a shower, and partly because the fountain is badly placed.

Figure that Seems to Move

Yet there are few things in London more delightful than that figure once we can see it from the right standpoint.

The writer has often walked round and round the outer margin of the Circus, watching the figure apparently moving in the opposite direction; and often a visit has been timed so that the lovely statue could be seen at that most bewitching hour the "between lights" of dusk, when the sun has set and the sky is still full of a deep blue radiance, and the first street lamps, like pale, lemon-coloured flowers, are coming out in clusters against it.

At that moment there is something of unearthly beauty in this dainty, high-poised figure resting on one toe, ready for flight. If you shut your eyes and turn away you can quite easily imagine that the fairy boy has flown across the sky to shoot an arrow up to the stars, and when you look round he has just alighted again, quivering with swiftness and joy.

When the Moon Shone

The statue was loveliest of all in the days of the war, when the streets were darkened and the Moon shone down unrivalled. There is no Moon, alas, in Piccadilly Circus now! She is destroyed by a mass of glaring sky-signs.

We ought to be very proud of this statue, and glad that it belongs to us all, rich and poor alike, and is not shut up in a hall or a church.

Londoners everywhere will watch with interest for news of the altering of our dear and historic and ugly Piccadilly Circus, feeling sure that presently Mr. Gilbert's fairy figure will be placed so that everybody cannot help but see it, and, seeing it, cannot help being glad.

Picture on page one

The same thunderstorm passed over England, and what were wrongly called fireballs fell in Norfolk and near Grimsby. A fireball, of course, is not really a ball of fire, but a powerful and dangerous form of lightning which looks like a ball of fire, possibly because the flash is seen end on. It is very freakish in its behaviour, and may strike a building or a person, or may travel all round an object without harm. It is not yet fully understood by science.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 6 1923

Six Little Years

A poet complains that newspapers have given his age as 71, whereas he is only 65.

HE does not want to lose six years. Why should he? He is a poet, and he knows. He knows that in six years the world might be a happy place again.

It is no idle dream that it might be so; it is no idle dream that before the daffodils have come again six times the hearts of men and women and children everywhere might be lifted up to heaven.

It can be done if all of us want it. Nothing is simpler than to make a happy world if all the people in it want a happy world more than anything else. The pitiful thing is that so many people are willing to buy their own happiness with the misery of others. Their god is the grinning god of Selfishness.

Let us imagine that for the next six years every human being sought the happiness of others instead of his own. The people in the villages would come together like a family of friends to see that all was well with each. The great throngs of people in our cities would be strangers no more. The master would love to see his workman happy, the workman would delight in doing his best work, and the humming wheels of industry would be like the song of birds.

Let us see the sort of things that would pass away at once.

One group of men in Greece would not have killed another group to climb to power. A band of their followers would not have killed an Italian mission in Albania. Italy would not have killed innocent folk in Corfu.

Germany would not go clattering down to ruin. She would heal the feud with France which has so long been the curse of Europe. She would do her utmost to make good the evil she has done. France, no more afraid, would disband her great army, and lift the shadow of a great terror from the world.

The little nations in Europe, giving up their petty quarrels and settling down to work, would vie with each other in commanding the admiration of the world.

Russia, tired of her long misery, would come back to civilisation, and be received once more as a member of the human family, giving to others the goodwill that others have for her, if only she would believe.

The men who have brought such misery on Ireland, and made her name a thing of shame throughout the world, would work to save their country from despair.

Britain, which drove the pirate off the seas, would be stirred to shame at the sight of British ships, sailing under the British flag, using a British island as a stronghold for smugglers who are thwarting America in its noble task of saving the next generation from the curse of Drink.

Nations have only to wish each other security and prosperity, and the world has only to love instead of hate, and all will yet be well.

Six years, six little years, six drops of time—mixed with love instead of hate, what wonders they might bring for the eyes of men to see!

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Open Mind

WE read of a man who has an open mind on the question of war. It should be closed for repairs.

Fathers of Englishmen

A LADY had been over a school to which she was taking her boy.

"I think it is a good school," she said. "One thing about it I like very much is the system of putting the boys into sections. Each section is named after some great hero of the past, and the boys of each section strive to live up to their hero, and to get the highest possible marks for their particular section, both by their work and their conduct, and so learn to be unselfish and to work as a team."

In spite of her satisfaction with this system we saw that she was worried, and that anxiety for her son was preying on her peace of mind. We ventured to say that such a school could not fail to turn out good men.

"I hope so; I hope so," she said quietly. Then she added: "You see, for us women whose husbands lie buried in France the schoolmaster must take the father's place with our sons."

And then we understood her anxiety and fell to wondering whether schoolmasters realise how earnestly some of the mothers whose husbands fell in the Great War look to them as the fathers of Englishmen.

The Man with the Shovel

IN this country we are kinder to animals than most countries are, but we are not so kind as some. Norway, for instance, is a kinder land.

Recently two white sparrows were seen in England. At once a man went home, got a gun, and shot one of them. That is a disgrace to us. It would never be done in Norway.

In New Zealand people are kind. Here is an illustration of it that does one good to read. A seal about five feet long, and weighing about 1000 pounds, entered Otago Harbour, and found herself shut off from the sea in water over land that was being reclaimed. So she started going back to the sea over land.

Presently she reached a bank three feet high which she could not mount, and after trying several times she lay panting, while about 100 people watched her. She cast friendly looks for help toward them, and a man fetched a pick and shovel, and levelled the bank so that she could climb it. She seemed to understand what he was doing, and the crowd gave a cheer when she surmounted the bank. The man went before her, smoothing difficult places with the pick or shovel, and the crowd followed till, with a last look at them as if she understood their friendliness, she plunged into the sea.

What a sorry figure the man with the gun is compared with the man with the shovel.

Chalk, Not Steel

IT was said of a French emperor that he conquered Italy not with steel but with chalk.

This phrase was not a compliment to the victor, but a sarcasm toward the conquered. It meant that the French troops had nothing to do but mark with chalk the doors of the houses they meant to quarter in. No fighting was necessary.

In the same way we can see miserable and unhappy people whose souls are plainly marked for us with the humiliating chalk of sin. They have never faced a fight.

Tip-Cat

YOU must take things, writes a philosopher, for what they are. Not, however, if they belong to somebody else.

MR. CHESTERTON wants nobody to give him music with his meals; he has his own digestive organs.

WILL the new covered buses be popular with the crowd? asks a correspondent. Yes, when the crowd has discovered them.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If colours hurt
themselves when
they clash

are so crowded that we can hardly even move in them.

THE best of the weather is over. Our real trouble is that we can't keep the worst of it under.

IT is not a man's fault if he is an earl. He would be a duke if he could.

THE long queues of German housewives have vanished from outside the shops. They have probably been taken in.

Wise Things Said Long Ago

By Demosthenes to a crowd who would not listen to him 2000 years ago in Athens:

Oh, my countrymen, when I talk to you of political danger you will not listen, and yet you crowd about me to hear a silly tale about an ass.

By a Puritan minister who was ordered to read to his people a stupid decree of James I:

You have heard read, good people, both the commandment of God and the commandment of man; obey which you please.

By Napoleon in a reflective mood:

Those silly English lose every battle except the last one.

The Torch-Bearer

By La Petite Européenne

THOUGH very young, Jean Julien Lemordant was already famous as a painter ten years ago; the town of Rennes entrusted him with the decoration of her theatre, but the work was never finished, for a reason all the world knows well. One panel of it is in the Luxembourg, in Paris.

And Jean Lemordant is still a great artist though he can no longer paint, for he gave France his eyes in the war. Is there a more tragic fate than his for one who loves colour above all?

The Master Will

Yet is there a more valiant case than his? Unable to live for himself, he has resolved to live for others. The first thing he did was to recover from the fearful injuries he had endured besides the loss of his eyes; he spent long months in nursing homes with doctors and nurses who thought he would never be well again; and at last a great will-power saved him—for are not our free wills masters of our lives? The artist resolved to turn his trials to the good of his fellow men. A martyr of the war, he would go over the world and speak to men, calling on his fellows to prevent such a dread catastrophe ever occurring again. He went to America.

The Joy of Light

Now he is back, and France has Lemordant again for some time. The artist has lost his eyes, but he carries in his heart an ideal so great and beautiful that darkness itself is powerless to extinguish it. He dreams of light, of joy, of natural splendours. With the eyes of his soul he recalls the pictures and festivals of the Brittany he loves so well; he conjures up her shining costumes and her pageants of all sorts; he imagines processions to the sound of the shepherd's pipe; he creates, he composes. And thus one day there came to this blind artist, this man condemned to eternal night, the idea of giving the joy of light to those who can see; he prepared a pageant with a series of delights for the eye.

At one of these fine pageants I found him moving restlessly among a crowd of people come together to see this glowing spectacle in which we found the touch of Brittany as she is, her strength, her grace, her dress, her many virtues.

The Love of Beauty

Amazed at the glowing imagination of it all, you congratulate him, and he is glad.

"People who lose the love of beauty are lost," he says; "any source of beauty, rich and lasting, must be maintained. All these people who have a part in this festival must go home feeling uplifted by it, and not lowered, as too often happens after rejoicings in our towns."

So the blind artist goes about the country to which he gave his eyes, opening the eyes of his countrymen that they may see beauty, bearing high the torch that spreads the light to shine in the hearts of men.

MAN RACES NATURE AND WINS

Extraordinary Truth About a Speech by Wireless

GLASGOW HEARS IT BEFORE THE BACK OF THE HALL

Another British Association meeting has come and gone, and many wonderful things have been discovered. But nothing at the Liverpool meeting was more amazing than the broadcasting all over the country of Sir Ernest Rutherford's presidential address.

This was indeed a modern miracle, and something happened in connection with it that twenty years ago would have seemed utterly impossible.

It was, of course, remarkable that a speech delivered in Liverpool, and lasting an hour and a half, should have been heard clearly from beginning to end all over the country, but that was not the most astonishing thing about it.

A Miracle of Speed

We should naturally expect that in the case of words heard over such a wide range some people would hear them before others; certainly we should expect that the audience in the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool would catch the words as they came from Professor Rutherford's lips before the people in the North of Scotland and the South of England heard them.

But, as a matter of fact, the people in Scotland and the South of England heard the President's words before the people in the back seats of the hall in Liverpool.

The Editor of the C.N., sitting comfortably in his room in London, heard the speech a little before some of the men who were sitting a few yards away from the speaker.

How the Sound Travelled

What is the explanation of this marvellous thing? It is due to the fact that sound and electricity travel at vastly different speeds. The words were carried to the invisible audience at the speed of light, whereas the visible audience heard them at the speed of sound. The words carried by the wireless waves through the ether of space to all parts of the kingdom travelled, that is to say, at the same rate as electricity, 186,000 miles a second, whereas in the hall at Liverpool the words travelled through the air at not much more than 1000 feet, or a fifth of a mile, a second.

The result was that, while it took Sir Ernest's voice a fifth of a second to reach the people at the back of the hall, listeners-in in the North of Scotland heard the voice within a fiftieth of a second of transmission.

The Flash and the Roar

Sound travels very slowly in air, its speed depending on the loudness of the sound and the density and temperature of the air at the time. We know how slowly it travels by observing the lightning and thunder. Often several minutes elapse between our seeing the lightning flash and hearing the roar of the thunder, although both occur simultaneously. Well, the light of the flash travels at the same rate as the wireless, while the sound of the thunder travels at about the same rate as the voice of a speaker.

This is not the first time that an apparent miracle of this kind has happened. Some years ago telephone subscribers in Birmingham could be put through so as to hear the great city clock strike noon; and a friend of the C.N., listening over the telephone, has heard the clock strike twelve, and then, going to the window of his office and waiting a few moments, has heard the same clock begin to strike the same notes. This marvel was due to precisely the same cause as in Professor Rutherford's case—the fact that the sounds over the telephone travelled at an enormously greater speed than they did through the air.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF CANTERBURY

A VERY queer chapter in natural history is brought to mind by a new book that has lately appeared on Canterbury Cathedral.

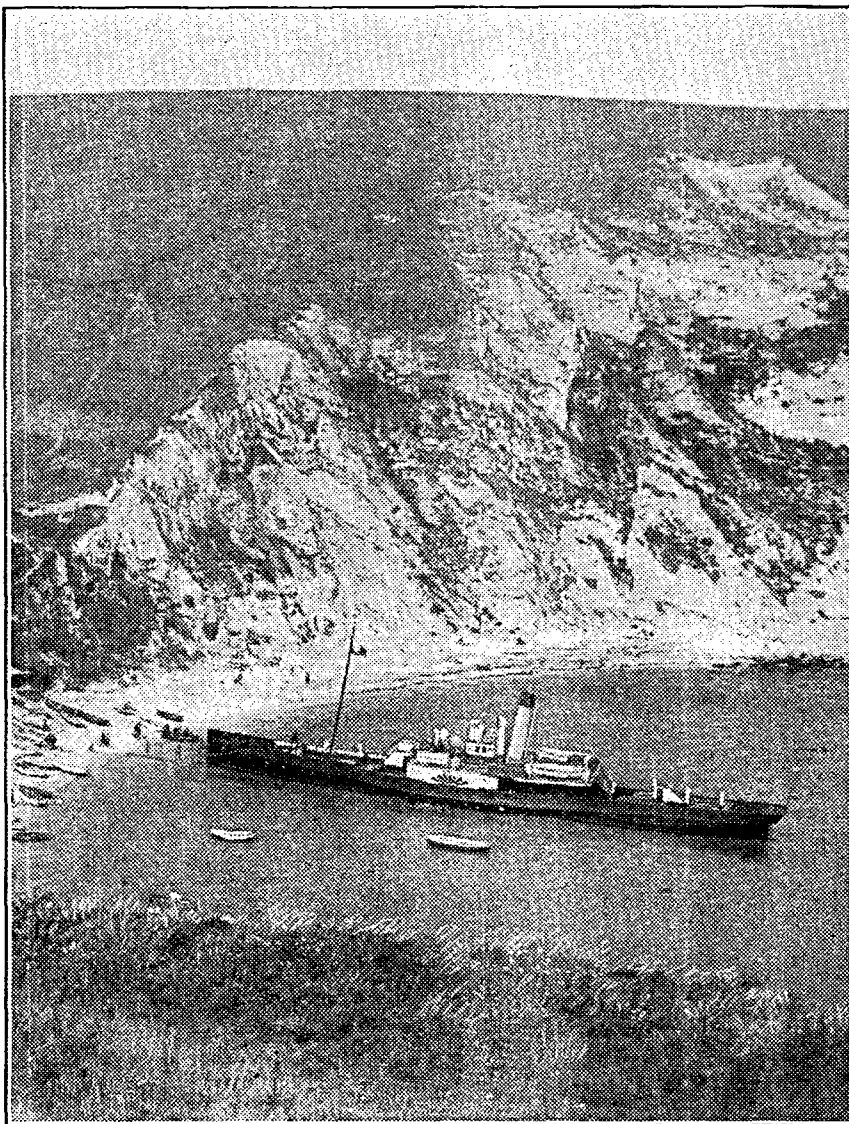
This noble building, one of the supreme architectural glories of Little Treasure Island, is the home of a tiny creature which is found nowhere else in England. It is a member of the tick family, and it creeps about the great cathedral on eight legs. Its back is pear-shaped, and it is greyish brown.

It has often been said that this queer little tick was first brought to England by the pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, or perhaps by Crusaders returning from the Holy Land; but it is

not certain. What we know of it is that its real name is Argas Reflexus, and that it is a parasite which sucks the blood of pigeons in North Africa, China, and in some parts of Europe. One of its cousins lives on poultry in Persia and other parts of the world.

How Argas Reflexus came to Canterbury we do not know. How long it has been there we do not know, but two things about it are very strange. One is that it can live for five years without any food, and the other is that it is the only living thing that spends the whole of its life from year's end to year's end within the precincts of this noble place.

THREATENED BY THE WAR OFFICE



Lulworth Cove, Dorset, the famous beauty spot which the War Office wants to spoil by turning it into a gunnery practice ground for the Tank Corps. The sea is so deep that at high water pleasure steamers can land their passengers directly on this glorious beach

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Spain has had fifteen Governments during the last fourteen years.

In less than a week the United States raised £1,600,000 for the sufferers by the Japanese earthquake.

The Old, Old Earth

The Smithsonian Institution declares that the scientific conception of the age of the Earth is 1000 million years at least.

Death on a Tower

Just as a Manchester steeplejack finished laying the last plank of a platform round the Grimsby Dock Tower, 365 feet high, he fell back into the arms of a fellow worker and died.

Listeners-in

When opening a new radio station in San Francisco the mayor asked all who heard him to let him know. Responses were received from every State in America, from Honolulu, and from ships 1000 miles away.

Some American schools are using an electric device for wiping blackboards.

The United States Government recently signed a contract for 150 million envelopes.

England, Please Copy

In certain parts of America it is now illegal to place signs or advertisements close to main highways.

Shaving in the Dark

A safety razor has been designed which carries a small battery in its handle, and has a tiny electric bulb by means of which it is possible to shave in the dark.

Young Canadian Forest League

The Canadian Forestry Association never rests in its struggle to preserve the trees of Canada from fire. Its last move has been to organise 140,000 Canadian boys in the Young Canadian Forest League.

THE BLAZE OF COLOUR IN BENGAL NOT SO LOVELY AS IT LOOKS

A Menace to the Life and Work of Thousands of People

BLOCKING UP THE WATERWAYS

By Our India Correspondent

Travellers visiting Bengal are apt to exclaim with pleasure at the beauty of the wide ponds covered from one side to the other with lovely hyacinths, making a great blaze of colour.

But those who live there do not look with favour on these beautiful flowers. They know that they are doing a great deal of harm, and that if some way of stopping their spread is not found there will be great danger of whole districts being rendered valueless for trade, and thousands of people will be deprived of the means of life.

What One Plant Can Do

This plant was unknown in Bengal 25 years ago, and it is supposed that it was introduced by someone for his garden. Now it is everywhere. In every village there are ponds or tanks where the natives get drinking water, where they bathe and wash their clothes, and there is scarcely a tank which is now free from the scourge.

The people are not by nature enterprising enough to clear their tanks and to keep them clear. They do not realise the harm that is being done, and so are quite content to keep a clear corner where they can bathe and draw water. It has been proved that a single plant taking root in a tank can in the course of a few months cover an area of 600 square yards.

Rivers Blocked by Weeds

Many of the mouths of the Ganges are completely blocked by this thickly-growing weed, and in one branch near Hooghly it is so thick and strong that a waterway nine miles long and twenty yards wide has been closed, so that in some places a man may even walk on the tops of the flowers without sinking. It is no uncommon thing for a vehicle to start driving over what appears to be a huge field of flowers, only to go floundering down into the water.

The greatest harm is done to the rice crops. During the rainy season the greater part of Bengal is under water, and the rice crops, which have been sown some time before the rains break and are just high enough to keep their heads above water, have a difficult time. But the spread of the water hyacinths makes it more difficult still. These grow and thrive during the rainy season, and send out shoot after shoot until what should have been a strong stretch of rice field is found, when the floods go down, to be a wilderness of hyacinths.

Stranglehold on Bengal

Something must be done, and soon, to break this stranglehold on Bengal if the villages are to maintain an economic life. The Government is alive to the situation, and last year a commission was appointed to make inquiries. The commission has now reported, and steps are to be taken to deal with the trouble as soon as possible.

Experiments have been made with an apparatus for spraying the plants with a solution guaranteed to kill them, and the Government will introduce legislation which will make compulsory the cooperative action of the people themselves. If the people could only be induced to bestir themselves they might soon get rid of this trouble, for in the long dry season there is ample opportunity of destroying the plant, which has not then the strength and power that it has in the rains. But the difficulty is to persuade the Indian villager to look beyond his nose.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE SNAKES AT HOME How Wild Life Follows the Weather IN THE TRAIL OF SUN AND SNOW

By Our Natural Historian

Many readers generously say that the weekly map of the C.N. is the most interesting and valuable thing of its kind they have ever seen.

How much nearer to the heart's desire we would make it if we but knew all the strange, mysterious things happening in nature in places with whose name and situation we are familiar.

We can trace the advance of summer on its way up from the south, and know exactly how far it should have reached week by week. Indeed, one of our Norwegian friends tells us that so sharp is the dividing-line that, as summer is coming to him, one part of his garden retains its winter fridity while the smile of spring suffuses the remainder.

But who could foretell what the effects of that advance of summer may yield? We have seen one melancholy issue in the march of the lemmings on their trail to destruction. Now there comes another curiosity of an unpleasant character.

Snake-Proof Huts

The heat of the summer has led to such a multiplication of snakes in the Sommerberg district of the Tyrol that the herdsmen declare they must cease work unless snake-proof huts are provided for them. So great has been the increase of the reptiles during the heat of the present season that at night they have invaded the imperfect shanties in which the guardians of the sheep and goats sleep, and made life too terrifying to be borne.

The snakes are said to be vipers, but, were that so, we should hear of bites and deaths, for the viper is poisonous.

Nobody could have predicted that for our map. Things of this sort are constantly happening which it is impossible to foresee. Perhaps it is as well; it is better to grapple with the ills we know than to run in fear from those which might, but probably will not, come into our lives.

Guarding Against the Unexpected

Existence would be intolerable if we had to guard against all unexpected mischances. Human ingenuity would be overtaxed if provision had to be made against every remote possibility. We can generally keep vipers out of our houses—if we avoid the tropics, but out there even that is not always possible, as we see from something that happened in India a few years ago.

An exceptional snowfall on the mountains brought an unusually heavy flood to the river in spring. The adjoining land was flooded, and the snakes were driven inland. They sought shelter in human dwellings, and, with an ingratitude matching that of Aesop's frozen snake, which bit the bosom that warmed it, they killed a great number of people in whose homes they found themselves.

The Hungry Tigers

There was a further extraordinary outcome of the same flood. The waters drowned hosts of deer. The deer were the natural prey of the tigers. The tigers, short of this source of supply, turned with added fury upon the poor natives, and there was a record entry in India's return of human beings destroyed by wild animals during that year.

Who could foresee snakes in houses from the warmth of our genial sun, or predict death from snake-bite and the tiger's gory mouth owing to snowflakes falling on mountain ranges far remote from snakes and tigers and men?

WIND SAVES A UNIVERSITY How It Changed Just in Time

SEVERAL TOWNS DESTROYED BY FIRE

One of America's largest universities, the California University at Berkeley, a suburb of San Francisco, has been in imminent peril of destruction by fire.

Flames broke out from some unknown cause among the brushwood and undergrowth in the Wild Cat Canyon, to the east of the city, and, fanned by the wind, rapidly swept over the tree-covered hills till it reached the outskirts of Berkeley, where the houses, even those of wealthy men, are mostly of wood.

In a very short time the fire had obtained control of the suburb, and the homes of many of the professors and officials of the university, and a large number of hostels and club-houses of the students, were destroyed. Over 2,400 people were made homeless, and the damage done was over £2,000,000. The refugees had to flee to the university grounds for safety, carrying with them as much of their furniture as they could rescue.

But in spite of the efforts of the local fire brigades and the assistance of thousands of students, who turned out to fight the flames, the fire continued to spread, and it seemed as if nothing could save the university itself. The flames were about to take hold of these fine buildings when a remarkable thing happened. The wind suddenly changed, and the flames, taking a turn, went off in a new direction, destroying much woodland, but leaving the university safe.

Dr. Glover, the Public Orator of Cambridge University, who was there on a visit at the time, says that Berkeley is left a heap of ashes, with only the charred brick chimneys standing out like obelisks amid the ruins.

The original fire spread in other directions, and fresh fires broke out and took a firm hold of the wooded areas. Five towns and twelve summer resorts have been destroyed.

California University was founded in 1868, and has a thousand more students than Oxford and Cambridge Universities together.

THE DOG AT THE GATE And the Working of Its Mind

A correspondent sends us this interesting observation of the working of a dog's mind.

A small terrier walking with the family often passed a mansion where a big, fierce dog was kennelled.

Passing the house one day the terrier got the shock of his life. The big dog caught him by the neck and shook him like a rat.

Ever afterwards, when he was going toward town, he would cross the road before he reached the house, and walk on the farther side with a subdued but watchful air, recrossing only when he had put a safe distance between himself and his enemy.

That is understandable, but the curious fact is that when returning from town he never remembered to cross the road as he approached his scene of terror, but swaggered past the place with his usual air of pert assurance.

BRINGING CITIES TOGETHER

Across America in 34 Hours

The first continuous mail-carrying flight across America has proved satisfactory, and a regular transcontinental service is to be inaugurated.

Flying both by day and night, and carrying 400 pounds of mail, the plane covered the distance from New York to San Francisco in a little over 34 hours. This new service will bring San Francisco four days nearer to New York.

A MOON IDEA HAS SHE A COMPANION IN THE HEAVENS? Fascinating Theory now Being Discussed

OUR SATELLITE MAY NOT BE ALONE

By the C.N. Boy Astronomer

Is the Moon we see night after night the only satellite of the Earth?

Astronomers have asked themselves this question many times in the past, but a new interest has been aroused in it by some calculations of Professor Pickering. He has drawn attention to the possibility of discovering some new satellite, and of recognising it when it is seen.

It is now commonly realised by astronomers that the Earth can have no other moon of any great size unless it is exceedingly remote. Such a moon could not fail to have been discovered long ago, and in these days, when the sky is photographed frequently and regularly, any little stranger would soon be picked out and identified.

Meteor or Moon?

The possibility discussed by Professor Pickering is much more interesting. He suggests that there may be a tiny meteoric moon circling round quite close to the surface of the Earth. Such a moon might easily be taken for a meteor as it moved across the sky, though its behaviour would in reality be entirely different from a meteor's.

The true meteor shines because it is being heated to white heat by rushing through the atmosphere, and what we see of it is its last gasp. The meteoric moon, on the other hand, would have to be far enough away from our atmosphere to avoid being melted as it rushed along. It would also shine by reflected light from the Sun, just as the Moon itself does.

Eclipse of the Little Moon

We will suppose that there was a small meteoric body, only one foot in diameter, circling round at a distance of 200 miles from the surface of the Earth. We will also suppose that it was made of the same material as the Moon. Then, when this little body was overhead in our sky, it would be bright enough to be seen with a good pair of field-glasses.

It would show phases as the Moon does, though they could scarcely be detected in so small an object. If our little satellite were ten feet across it would be visible to the naked eye on a clear night. It would move across the sky like a slow-moving shooting star, and would spend almost half its time eclipsed in the great shadow the Earth casts out behind into space.

The little satellite would disappear quite suddenly when it entered the shadow, and reappear as suddenly when it emerged. At other times it would disappear gradually, as it moved away into the distance.

A Capture by the Earth

Meteors up to ten feet across have several times actually reached the surface of the Earth, and before their rush through the atmosphere they must have been larger still. It is also known that meteors move in elongated orbits like comets, and if the orbit of a meteor swarm approached that of the Earth it is likely that the Earth would capture some of the meteors.

The great difficulty in the whole question is that of identifying any particular meteor as a meteoric satellite. If this could be done the next stage would be to calculate its orbit, and finally to watch for it on its next appearance. Astronomers have considerable difficulty in following up all the minor planets, which take years to travel round the Sun. The task of identifying and following a tiny body which moves across the sky in a few seconds would be vastly more difficult, but it may even yet be accomplished.

WONDERFUL STATION DEALING WITH LONDON'S CROWDS

The Immense Throngs that Pass Through the Streets

SIX MOVING STAIRCASES

Aladdin could have found nothing more wonderful in his cave than the everyday passenger will find in the elaborate new underground station which is to be built beneath Piccadilly Circus.

In 1907, the first full year of traffic in the present station, between one and two million passengers had to be dealt with. Last year eighteen million passengers entered or left the station.

But Piccadilly Station is not big enough. London grows ceaselessly, and Piccadilly Circus is the very heart of London's tube traffic. So a gigantic new station is to be erected, in which the very latest methods of railway management will be employed.

The station will be about fifteen feet below the level of the ground, entered by seven staircases, which will look like the spokes of a great wheel. There will be two of these entrances on either side of lower Regent Street, one on the right of Piccadilly, and one on the left of upper Regent Street, one where the present station is situated, and two at the corners of Shaftesbury Avenue and Glasshouse Street. As in one or two other of London's biggest underground stations, these subways will be used by the ordinary foot passenger for crossing the busy Circus in safety.

Stairs that Travel Up and Down

There will be a broad subway under the Circus, oval in shape and completely encircling a big island booking-hall; the seven entrances will lead to this subway. There will be no lifts, but six moving staircases—three for the Bakerloo tube and three for the Piccadilly tube. The three staircases in each instance will run side by side, the two outer ones in opposite directions to take people from the tube or to it, while the centre staircase can, at the touch of a button, be made to run either up or down. In this way, if the traffic after theatre time is all toward the trains, two escalators can be run downstairs and one only in an upward direction.

Everyone who has travelled by tube at very busy times is familiar with the queues of people who line up to get their tickets. Even this drawback is to be done away with in this new wonder station, for there will be fifteen ticket-supply machines in the booking-hall, and the passengers at the most crowded times will look merely like the buckets of a dredger going along in an orderly manner at regular intervals.

A WAYSIDE WARNING

From a C.N. Reader

There has been a sudden excitement in our quiet corner of Dorset. A man has been killed on the high road between two villages.

His death has meant more to us than all the thousands and tens of thousands of deaths in Tokio and Yokohama. It has meant more to us simply because it was so near to our quiet and peaceful lives. And it came suddenly.

But no one is sorry for him. What a dreadful thing is a man's death when it moves no one to be grieved! And how awful a thing when some people say of such a death "It serves him right!" That is what they are saying of this dead man.

You see, he was thrown out of his motor-car and killed, and the indicator showed that he was travelling at a speed of 58 miles an hour.

All through England there are various wayside warnings to motorists. Let this man's death be a warning to all racing and selfish motorists who use our roads as if they belonged to nobody else. He is tragically and terribly dead, and English villagers say "It serves him right."

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

FIUME

THE STORM CENTRE OF THE ADRIATIC

Fiume, the seaport for whose control Italy and Jugo-Slavia are contending, though the matter is supposed to have been settled by the Treaty of Rapallo, which made the port and surrounding district an independent State, has long been the storm centre of the Adriatic.

As a great seaport its development is modern, but as far back as Roman times there was a town on the site, the ancient Tersatica, which afterwards changed its name more than once. In the eighth century it was captured by Charlemagne, and for a long time remained in possession of the Franks.

City of Many Rulers

Then it came under the control of ecclesiastics, and afterwards of nobles, until, toward the close of the fifteenth century, the German Emperor Frederick the Third made it a part of the territories of the royal house of Austria. The city was ruled by governors appointed by the emperors till 1776, when the Empress Maria Theresa joined it to Croatia, and a few years later made it a State under the Hungarian Crown.

Fiume, however, was to know no political rest, and it became a bone of contention during the Napoleonic Wars. The French seized it in 1809, and four years later the British captured it and held it till the following year, when they restored it to Austria. Nine years later it was transferred to Hungary, but after the Hungarian revolution of 1848 it was added to the Austrian Crown lands in Croatia. And thus it remained till, in 1870, it once again fell to Hungary, and remained hers till the Armistice of 1918.

A Mixed Population

Could a city with such a history be anything but a storm centre? Its geographical position makes it greatly desired, for, with the exception of Trieste, it is the only satisfactory commercial port on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, and its mixed population insures that, whoever shall be contending for it, there will always be a large body of sympathisers inside the city itself.

Italians, Croats, and Magyars are the chief races represented, but there are many others, and it is on the ground that the great majority of the citizens are Italians that Italy claimed the port. On the other hand, Jugo-Slavia claimed it because, when the suburbs are taken into consideration as well as the city, Slavs are in the majority.

The settlement of Fiume has been, perhaps, the most difficult of all the knotty problems that have confronted a distracted Europe since the Armistice.

Strangely enough, it was at a conference of Croats and Magyars at Fiume in 1905 that the modern principle of self-determination was laid down in terms almost identical with those used today. What is known as the Resolution of Fiume declared that "Every nation has the right to decide freely and independently concerning its existence and its fate."

An Important Port

The theatrical seizure of the city by the Italian poet D'Annunzio on September 11, 1919, greatly complicated the settlement, but at last an arrangement for an independent State was come to, the exact borders to be decided by a commission of Italians and Jugo-Slavs working together.

Fiume is an important port, for it is practically the only outlet to the sea for the commerce of Hungary and Jugo-Slavia, and before the war its trade was about £12,000,000 a year. It has an ancient cathedral with a modern front, many other fine buildings, and a Roman triumphal arch of the third century.

What Fiume really wants for its further development is a long period of good government and freedom from turmoil. That it may have it must be the desire of all men of goodwill.

LOST PATH BETWEEN

CONTINENTS

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN MONGOLIA

Rhinoceros that Crossed Where the Sea Now Is

BIG ANIMAL WITH A LITTLE BRAIN

A wonderful discovery has been made in Mongolia by an American scientific explorer, Mr. Roy Andrews, who proves conclusively that America and Asia were once joined where the Bering Strait now separates the continents.

Mr. Andrews, with a party of helpers, has for some years past been digging in the little-known regions of China on behalf of the Natural History Museum of New York. In the Gobi Desert, at a point about 400 miles north-west of Pekin, he found an immense deposit of fossil bones belonging to dinosaurs, or land reptiles, both large and small.

Some of these creatures were of gigantic size, and others were small and remarkably like birds. Some must have walked on all fours, while others used only their hind legs. Some, again, were carnivorous; others lived only on vegetable food, though they were giants thirty feet long.

A Desert Find

Two almost complete skeletons were dug out with great care, and these will, it is hoped, reach America safely.

But the most interesting of all the discoveries was the skull of a titanothereum, a huge rhinoceros-like creature with an amazingly small brain for its size. The modern rhinoceros, though much smaller than its prehistoric relation, has a brain eight times as big as that of the titanothereum.

The titanothereums have been known previously only in America, where their remains have been found in many parts of Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and other States. The discovery of this skull in Mongolia proves that there must have been a land connection between America and Asia, and that these animals of three million years ago must have crossed from America to Asia, or vice versa. The skull found in the Gobi Desert is as perfect in condition as if the animal had died only a month or two ago.

Great Fossil Area

Another interesting find was the remains of a giant flesh-eating animal, very much of the type of a dog; and the teeth and jaws of a tapir-like creature were also found.

Mr. Andrews says that from what he has seen it is clear that Mongolia is one of the greatest fossil fields in the world, and that the mammals spread from that centre over Europe and America.

When this area is fully examined we may have our whole conception of geological life revolutionised; but, unfortunately, the desert character of Mongolia, and its inaccessibility owing to lack of water, make it an extremely difficult country for the geologist and archaeologist to work in.

TRACKING THE FISHES

Living Salmon Carries a Label

In order to facilitate the study of the habits of certain fish, such as salmon, haddock, and cod, the American Bureau of Fisheries has been working on a practical plan to trace their migrations.

A small tag is riveted to the fish's tail, with the words "Bureau of Fisheries" printed on it, together with a serial number. Twenty-five cents is paid for each tag that is returned by whoever has caught the fish, provided they state where it was found, what it weighed, and so on.

Four thousand of these tags were used last year, and it is planned to attach at least ten thousand this year. Returns so far have been very interesting.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Where Did Thomas Gray Write His Famous Elegy?

In the churchyard of Stoke Poges, near Windsor.

Why is there a Bar on a Lamp-post? It is for the lamp-cleaner to rest his ladder against.

What is Quicksand?

A large mass of loose and moving sand mixed with water, formed on many coasts.

What is Elastic Made of?

Elastic is cord or string woven with india-rubber, the great elasticity depending on the rubber.

How Many Miles an Hour Does a Pigeon Fly?

Generally from 30 to 36, but with a favourable wind they have been recorded as flying 60 miles an hour.

What Does a Woolly Bear Caterpillar Eat?

This caterpillar, which is the larva of the common tiger moth, feeds on nettle, plantain, lettuce, strawberry, and other leaves.

What is the Origin of "A Penny for Your Thoughts"?

This first occurs in a Dialogue of Wit and Folly by John Heywood about 1562. The suggestion is that one's thoughts are not worth more than a penny.

Does the Dragon-Fly Sting?

No; this is an absurd superstition. It is quite harmless to man and beast. But it is a terror to insects, spiders, centipedes, millipedes, fresh-water shrimps, and similar creatures, which it devours in large numbers.

Where Do Jackdaws, Jays, and Magpies Build Their Nests?

Jackdaws in holes in ruins, cliffs, trees, and similar places; jays at the tops of thick bushes, or in the forks of saplings and small trees; magpies among the smaller branches at the top of tall trees or in thick hawthorn hedges.

Why is the Sun Hotter at One Time of Day than Another?

Because the intensity of the heat depends upon the directness of the rays. In early morning and late evening the Sun's rays strike the Earth very obliquely, whereas at midday the Sun is more or less overhead and the rays are very direct.

Who Wrote "The Spider and the Fly"?

"Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly" was written by May Howitt, and is found in many collections of poems for children, as, for example, in One Thousand Poems for Children, edited by Roger Ingpen.

What Causes White Marks on Our Nails?

Our nails are made by special cells of the deeper parts of the skin at the base of the nail; and when we are out of health these cells suffer, their work is interfered with, and the white mark indicates the interruption of growth at the time.

Why Do Citizens of U.S.A. Call Themselves Simply Americans?

This term came into use owing to the difficulty of coining a term for the citizens of a country with such a difficult name as the United States. There is no confusion, as we speak of South Americans by their natural names, Chilean, Peruvian, Brazilian, and so on.

Why are the Horse Latitudes and Doldrums So Called?

The horse latitudes are said to have been so called because in these calms the old sailing ships were sometimes so long becalmed that food fell short, and the horses had to be thrown overboard when they were dying. Doldrums was probably a slang word made up from dull.

Who Made the First Tramcar?

The street tramcar of the modern horse type to run on iron rails was first established in New York by a Mr. Train in 1859 or 1860, and, having come to England to develop the idea, he opened a tramway at Birkenhead, Cheshire, in 1860. More than half a century before, however, a kind of tramway had been tried in Preston and at Wandsworth, near London.

What Causes Earthquakes?

There are various theories. One was given in the C.N. of September 22. Another is that they are caused by the slipping of parts of the Earth's crust due to its contraction while cooling. Another theory is that sea-water pours down a suddenly occurring crack in the Earth's crust under the sea, and the water, coming into contact with molten rock, is turned into steam and causes an explosion.

DUMB-BELL NEBULA

HOW IT OBTAINED ITS NAME

Giant Sphere of Green Gas not Known on Earth

SOMETHING THAT IS ALMOST NOTHING

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

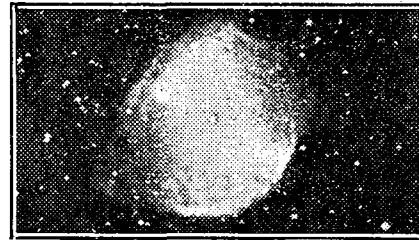
A remarkable nebula may be seen now on any fine night with optical aid.

It is known popularly as the Dumb-bell Nebula, for in the small telescopes of a century ago it appeared like two globular masses of luminous mist, close together, united by what appeared to be a bar of nebulosity, in shape resembling a dumb-bell.

This marvel of the skies is just within the confines of Vulpecula, about three times the Moon's apparent width above Gamma in Sagitta. These details were given in last week's star map.

It is far beyond naked eye vision, but binoculars with object glasses—that is, the glasses at the large end—about two inches in diameter, will show the two faint nebulous globes close together.

A very dark, clear, and moonless night, free from artificial illumination, is necessary; moreover, the glasses



The Dumb-bell Nebula

must not be prismatic, for the prisms absorb too much light, and so will fail to reveal objects so delicate. A telescope with an object glass only an inch and a half across will render them perceptible; but in any case the instruments should be steadied by supporting the arm.

Much mystery has surrounded this wonderful celestial object. For many years it was thought to be composed of innumerable stars. But the great telescopes of recent years, aided by photography and spectroscopy, have almost solved the mystery, and we give a reproduction of a photograph taken with the great reflector at the Lick Observatory in California.

The plate was exposed for three hours, the telescope being driven by clockwork in order to counteract the effect of our Earth's rotation and keep the image of the nebula and stars exactly on the same place on the photographic plate—a feat of the utmost delicacy, requiring great skill and precision. In this picture, unfortunately, the finer details are lost.

Hollow Sphere With a Sun Inside

Spectroscopic investigation of the nebula's light has shown that it is an immense sphere of exceedingly rarefied gas, a material so light and attenuated that it appears to be the nearest approach to "nothing" that is known. This gas, called nebulium, is not found on Earth, but appears to be the chief constituent of a large class of what is known as greenish nebula, the nebulium imparting this tinge.

Research by Mr. Reynolds of the Royal Astronomical Society suggests that it is a colossal but hollow gaseous spheroid, with an immense nebulous star or sun in its centre, which seems to light up the nebula.

Our picture shows this star, and also a multitude of others, but these appear to lie between us and this wonderful Dumb-bell Nebula.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus and Saturn are in the west, near the Sun, and invisible to the naked eye. Jupiter is also in the west, and almost invisible. Uranus is due south about 10 p.m. In the morning Mercury is close to the Sun, and invisible. Mars is in the east, and visible an hour or so before sunrise.

THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures
of a Schoolboy in Africa

CHAPTER 70
The Doom of Keb

At the first glimmer of daylight Roger had the liberated slaves mustered before him and bade them return to their homes.

Some of them wished to remain with Sanka-ra; but Mr. Paradine advised that, being without weapons and weak from want of food and their mental sufferings, they were likely to prove a serious encumbrance to the able-bodied men.

When the slaves had departed the army of Kush set off to march to the Sacred Lake.

Suleiman had suggested that they should wait until litters had been fetched, so that Sanka-ra and his friends might proceed in becoming state; but Roger was opposed to any delay. As soon as he was assured that the country had been thoroughly purged of the raiders he was determined to lose no more time in resigning his kingly office. He had had enough of it, and was determined to put an end to it.

The march, then, was led by himself, with Achmet at his right hand, and Dr. Paradine and his brother immediately behind. It was a kind of triumphal progress. As they proceeded their numbers were augmented by many who had become dispersed on the previous night, and by others who had heard of the victory and were eager to share in the final operations of their king.

"This is a marvellous country for cotton," remarked Mr. Paradine, as they looked down from their elevated path over the fertile valley below. "But our friend Achmet, I suppose, will not feel disposed to grant concessions to a commercial syndicate."

Achmet did not at once reply. He wore a thoughtful look. Presently he said:

"I am anxious about the future of my country. I have had a Western education. I see that a little community cannot in these days maintain itself in seclusion in isolation from the rest of the world. My task will be a hard one."

"Perhaps it would have been a good thing if you had let Keb be king after all, and come back with us to Cairo," said Roger. "It's not half a bad idea," he added, growing enthusiastic. "Why not? It's not too late to alter your mind."

"No; my duty is here; I shall not shrink from it," was the grave reply.

In due time they came to the entrance of the gorge leading to the Sacred Lake. It struck Roger that the water was at a slightly higher level than when he had seen it before.

"And where's my barge?" he cried. "I made sure that we should find it here, but there's no sign of it. How can we get to the island and the temple?"

Suleiman discovered from one of the warriors who had accompanied Roger on his previous journey that there was a hill-path above the gorge. Retracing their steps, they struck into this upward track, and after an hour's toilsome climb gained the rocky plateau overlooking the lake.

"I say, Suleiman, that stream we saw is dried up," said Roger. "It must have been a continuation of the one I diverted yesterday, Uncle. And look! The temple is half submerged. We could only get into it now by swimming."

"You have certainly been playing conjuring tricks with Nature," said Mr. Paradine. "The new stream you made must have found its way somewhere into the lake and raised its level."

"I am desperately disappointed," said the Doctor. "I was hoping to examine that green-eyed statue

: : Told by
Herbert Strang

and the other objects in the temple. But I am afraid I cannot undertake to swim to it."

"This stream had some connection with the secret entrance to the country," said Roger. "We had better march along its dry bed and see where it leads to."

They passed the mooring-post, gradually making their way downward. At last they came to an underground tunnel. Near it was a narrow path, running with many windings up into the hills.

"The secret is out at last," said Roger. "The tunnel must lead into the open. Anyone coming in would have had to ford the stream before reaching the path. That accounts for the dripping appearance of Muleh the night I saw him in the temple. This is the way the raiders came."

"And the way they went," remarked Mr. Paradine. "There isn't a sign of them now. They must have been rather astonished when they found that the stream was running no longer."

"So must Keb if he was with them," said Roger.

As he spoke, a weary figure appeared in the bed of the stream below, and slowly approached the party.

"It's Muleh," said Roger. "I wonder what luck he had."

The hunter's keen face wore an expression of mingled rage and disappointment. He bowed silently to Achmet. There was a short colloquy between the two in Arabic, which only the Doctor and Suleiman understood.

"Did you find him?" asked Achmet.

"I did, my lord, but too late."

"Too late for what?"

"To kill him."

He had found Keb's body at the foot of the precipice, covered with wounds. The raiders had avenged their defeat on the traitor.

CHAPTER 71
El Nimmur's Appeal

With the death of the arch traitor the chief obstacle to Achmet's peaceable succession was removed. Suleiman was quick to appreciate how the event would affect the fortunes of the Englishmen, and with them his own.

"Now is the time, sir," he whispered to Roger. "We can escape now. The Kush men will think we go after the black men, but we go, and come not back."

"It seems a good idea," replied Roger. Then he paused. "Would it not look like deserting Achmet? I must see what the others say," he added.

Achmet at once approved the plan.

"You have done enough for me," he said generously. "The raiders are gone. My chief enemy is dead. With Muleh at my right hand I can stand on my own feet."

He spoke to Muleh. The hunter broke into a long impassioned speech, addressing himself to Dr. Paradine.

"I beseech you, O tower of wisdom," he said, "do not leave my lord at this hour of destiny. Bestow upon him still the alms of your counsel and the strength of your right arm. Are there not still enemies in the city—the high priest and those who cleave to him; foes of my lord's family? Will not the noble effendis go with my lord to the city, and abide there until he has been set upon the throne of his fathers? They will be his strength and stay. Are not my people even now rejoicing in the victory of Sanka-ra? And though he is not in truth Sanka-ra, yet will his lightest word be ever as a law to them."

"And will they not joy exceedingly when we make our sacrifice to the

gods, even those evil men who would have enslaved them, and are now fallen captives into their hands? So great a sacrifice has never been seen in the land of Kush before."

"This will never do, Roger," said the Doctor, looking startled. "The man is looking forward to a regular holocaust."

"What's that, Uncle?" asked Roger.

"The word is not in Roger's vocabulary," said Mr. Paradine, smiling. "Muleh has visions of his prisoners frying on the altars of—"

"Enough, James!" said the Doctor severely. "We cannot allow such a terrible anachronism as human sacrifice."

"Part of the ancient civilisation you love, Ben," said his brother sily.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! We must go back to the city. And understand," he added in Arabic to Muleh, "that if we return to assist your rightful king, it is on the distinct understanding that the prisoners are spared."

"But to slay them is the law of Kush," said the puzzled man. "And shall not the victor do justice upon the vanquished? It is the law: it has ever been so."

"There is a higher law than the law of Kush. Mercy is better than justice. Let us return."

"You have made him look very sorrowful," Mr. Paradine remarked. "What did you say?"

The Doctor explained.

"Very right and proper," said his brother. "There is also room for common sense. I don't suppose the raiders will return, but we'll take precautions. We'll leave a guard here. Suleiman, tell them to block up the path with loose rocks. We can at least teach the rascals that the way of transgressors is hard."

CHAPTER 72

Kush Demands a Sacrifice

The party returned to the city by the same route across the hills that Roger had followed on his journey from the Sacred Lake.

It was a tiring march in the heat of the day, and Dr. Paradine took refuge from the sun's rays under his inseparable umbrella. Roger learned afterwards that it greatly impressed the people, and greatly increased the Doctor's reputation for wisdom.

The wide street and the immense open space in front of the palace were packed with a vast concourse of the people of Kush. The return of Sanka-ra was hailed with a roar of welcome. Hundreds prostrated themselves to the ground. Musicians joined the procession; choristers,

leaping and dancing, sang triumphal hymns to the glory of Sanka-ra; half-naked youths strewed the road with flowers. The air rang with shouts of "Sanka-ra!"

"I say, this is too much!" said Roger. "I'm jolly glad none of the fellows can see me; they'd rag me to death."

"My dear boy, your popularity suits our book splendidly," said Mr. Paradine. "Seize the opportunity to introduce our friend Achmet—not, of course, as Sanka-ra—that would be a mistake—but as one of the principal agents of your victory. Stand on the palace steps and make the speech of your life."

Roger looked as if his only desire was that the Earth should open and swallow him up.

"For goodness' sake, prompt me, Uncle!"

"I'll do my best."

A deep hush fell upon the throng when Roger stood facing them, his Uncle James on his right, Suleiman on his left, next to him Achmet, then Muleh and the Doctor, holding his umbrella like a state canopy, behind.

"Now, then, after me," said Mr. Paradine.

And Roger, a little uncertain in voice, repeated the sentences whispered by his uncle, Suleiman translating them one by one.

"Sanka-ra thanks the people of Kush for their loyal greeting. They have passed through great and terrible dangers. But the enemy is now scattered to the winds, thanks to the courage of the men of Kush and the timely help of their friend on my left and the valiant Muleh. Well has he deserved the name by which he is known far and wide—the Leopard. Let the people of Kush do honour to their friends and mine."

A great shout broke from the assembly. Muleh fidgeted; Achmet, who was very pale, gravely acknowledged the demonstration by strange movements of his hands.

"I say, you must have inherited that gesture from your hundred ancestors," whispered Roger. "I couldn't do it like that."

He continued aloud:

"Let the rest of the day be given up to rejoicing... I say, Uncle," he broke off, "here come a lot of priests."

"A deputation, I expect. Things are getting thick. I think you had better send for Hoteb. If you can win him over to Achmet's side I have no doubt everything will be simplified."

A messenger was at once despatched to fetch the seer.

Seven priests, bowing humbly, came to the foot of the palace steps.

"They are your friends," said Suleiman.

"Ask them what they want," said Roger.

The spokesman begged that three of the principal prisoners might be at once sacrificed to the gods of Kush, the rest being reserved for a more elaborate ceremony later.

"It's your turn now, Ben," said Mr. Paradine, smiling at his brother. "The look of your umbrella will soften the blow."

"Tell them it's preposterous," said the Doctor.

"No; no, that won't do. Say that the fate of the prisoners is in your hands, Roger. You'll decide by and by. Meanwhile the prisoners must be closely guarded, but not molested."

The priests withdrew crestfallen when Suleiman translated the reply. There was a murmur of discontent among the people.

"We are not out of the wood yet," said Mr. Paradine. "It's like taking a bone from a dog. A good deal depends on how you can manage your friend the seer."

"Here he comes!" cried Roger. "There's his litter. Poor old chap! These excitements are enough to kill him."

"Evidently he is held in great veneration. He's our last hope. Pray Heaven he doesn't fail us."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Who Was He?

A Great Benefactor

NEARLY a century ago, in a suburb of London that was then an outlying country district, a boy was born, only five years after Pasteur, who was to become as great a benefactor of mankind and alleviator of suffering as was the famous Frenchman.

He was the son of a man of science, and received a scientific education, becoming a qualified doctor in 1852; and few men have risen to such high rank in their profession as he. His name is today a household word in all civilised communities.

He was acting as surgeon to a Scottish infirmary when Pasteur was making his great discovery that all fermentation is set up by microbes, and, seeing how many people who were operated on died through the inflammation of their wounds, he conceived the startling idea that this was due to the action of microbes.

If, he reasoned, the microbes in the air could be kept from the wounds, then these would not become inflamed, and the patient would have a chance of recovering. How could such a splendid result be obtained? Only by doing something which would destroy the microbes before they could work their mischief in the wound.

The young doctor began by applying strong carbolic acid to the wounds of patients, and this stopped the gangrene of the wounds, but at the same time harmed the flesh so that the wounds could not easily heal.

It was not a complete success, but it was a great, epoch-making discovery in surgery, and has resulted in the saving of hundreds of thousands of lives. It was the real beginning of what is known as antiseptic surgery—that is, surgery in which the wound is prevented from putrefying, and thereby causing the death of the patient. It is doubtful if any other discovery in surgery has had such far-reaching and beneficent effects.

The doctor continued to work at his great discovery. He used weaker acid, sprayed this in the atmosphere round the wound, and so kept the acid from injuring the flesh itself. Then he sterilised everything that came in contact with the wound—the doctor, the instruments, and so on.

Honours flowed in on the young doctor. He became in turn a professor at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London; was made surgeon to Queen Victoria, a doctor of laws and a doctor of civil law, President of the British Association, a baronet, and finally a peer of the realm. Scores of foreign

honours were also conferred on him, and when he died, in 1912, he was the most outstanding figure in the medical world, for he had completely revolutionised surgery. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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Every boy or girl interested in Wireless should buy this week's POPULAR WIRELESS for the FREE Booklet which is being given with it. The "P.W." Combination Set—the most efficient set for amateurs yet invented—is fully described in this Booklet, and you will have no difficulty in making it yourself.

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Be Glad and Your Friends Are Many



D! MERRYMAN

LITTLE Jean had just finished her first week at school, and her father was questioning her to see what she had learned.

"Well, Jean," he said, "as you have been learning the alphabet this week, perhaps you can tell me what comes after the letter A?"

Jean thought for a moment and then answered:

"Yes, Daddy; all the rest of the letters."

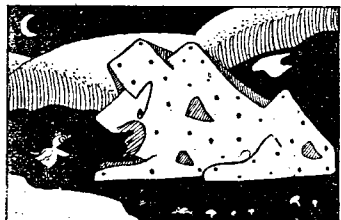
The Ridiculous Calendar



The Swick

NOW, when October comes along
The days grow dull and grey,
And all the birds leave off their song
And quickly fly away.
And on the cliff the Swick will stand

Despondent, sad, and blue,
Watching the birds with envy and
The wish to fly off, too!



The Kway

SOMETIMES a bird is left behind,
And starts to squeak and wail,
Striving some friendly beast to find
To tell to him its tale.
If it's in luck, it meets a Kway,
And asks him what to do,
And he'll invite the bird to stay
With him the winter through.

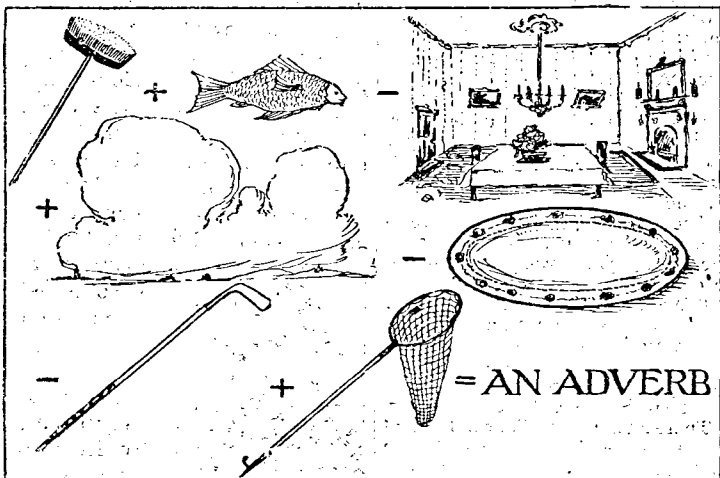
WHAT word is shorter after having
a syllable added?
Short—shorter.

Beheaded Word

WHOLE, I mean to keep
Together, and to divide;
Beheaded, I'm given and taken,
As well as often denied.
Behead once more, and of a house
I form a part, you'll say;
Behead, reverse, and then I give
A female's name; now, pray,
Once more behead, and then you'll
see
I'm never absent from veracity.

Solution next week

Alphabet Arithmetic



When the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added and subtracted the remaining letters, arranged in their proper order, will form an adverb. Can you find it?

Ode on Eating

These merry verses, containing some excellent advice, are by Mr. A. G. Grenfell, the headmaster of Mostyn House School, Parkgate, Chester, and were specially written for his boys.

WHETHER meat be roast or boiled
If you bolt it, it is spoiled:

Be it tender, be it tough,
Swallowing is not enough:
Chunks of food are little use
To your wretched gastric juice.

Likewise bread: you simply must
Chew and chew it—crumb and crust:
Chew with all your might and main;
Then—begin and chew again.
Knocking-off time comes for you
When there's nothing left to chew.

Let me to your notice bring
One more quite important thing;
No one wants to see or hear
These exertions for "all clear."
So, however long you chew it,
Keep your mouth shut while you do it.

Do You Live at Taunton?

TAUNTON is spelt in Domesday
Book Tantone, and the name
means the town on the River Tone.
Tone has the same origin as
Thames, and means the quiet river,
a reference, no doubt, to the slow-
flowing of the River Tone.

WHICH has the busiest life, tea or
coffee?

Tea, because it is compelled to
draw, while coffee is allowed to
settle down.

What Is It?

HALF a circle on a pillar, with a
circle following;
Two right angles, a triangle, on two
legs you're borrowing.
Two right angles close together,
now another circle bend;
Straight as flag in windy weather,
on a pole an arm extend;
At the base a foot to match it. If
to these a charm you'd lend,
Place half way, as cut with hatchet,
half an arm; and that's the end,
Save for a snake-like twisted line
That's always seen where'er there's
a sign.

My whole is a word of syllables
three;
Although it has eyes it never can
see.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Transposition

Slate, late, ate, eat, tea, tales, teal,
steal, seat, last.

The Two Brothers

Twenty-four and fifteen

What Am I? Ear-wig

Jacko in the Garden

It was an unlucky day for his father when Jacko came upon some men in the wood cutting down the trees.

It was a gorgeous morning, and Jacko had persuaded his mother to give him a picnic basket—for two—with permission to stay out all day.

He dashed off, found his friend Chimp, and away they went, in the best of spirits.

There's a lot for boys to do in a wood, and they had quite a jolly morning. While they were resting for a bit under a tree they heard a noise like somebody sawing wood.

They jumped up, and went to see what it was.

"It's those men," cried Chimp. "Look! They're cutting down the trees."

Jacko went up to them.

"What are you spoiling the trees for?" he asked indignantly.

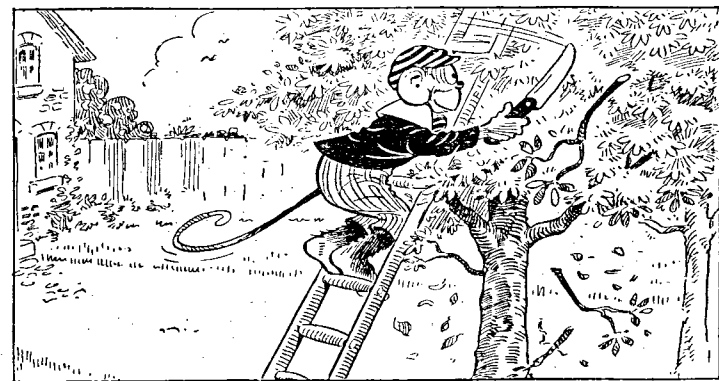
"Spoiling them?" said the men. "We're doing them good, pruning them so that they'll grow all the finer next year."

"Hum!" said Jacko. "Should all trees be pruned, then?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the men. "Cut them back and they'll grow all the faster."

Jacko looked thoughtful.

"I wonder if Father knows that," he said to Chimp, as they



It took him an hour to strip them bare

went off. "He's mighty proud of his apple trees. Seems to me it would be a kindness to do it for him."

Chimp couldn't say, but he agreed it would be a pity if they didn't get any fruit next year.

But when Jacko invited him to go straight home, and start on the Golden Deed right away, Chimp refused.

So Jacko went off alone. He didn't lose any time. A pair of shears and a knife and the garden steps were all that he wanted to make what he called a good job of it.

It took Jacko just one hour to strip Father's apple trees bare to the trunks, and then there wasn't a leaf to be seen.

He had just started on the pear trees when the garden gate opened and Father walked in.

He gave one glance at the trees, and then, as Jacko said, he nearly went mad.

Later on Jacko thought he was going mad: he had certainly never known his father to hit so hard.

And it was very humiliating to find out, when they were both of them calm enough to argue about it, that the woodmen had been pulling Jacko's leg all the time.

"Pruning!" scoffed his father. "You don't prune trees that size—they're cutting them down for timber!"

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Safety on the Streets

The red light on the rear of a motor-car that flashes every time the brake is applied, and so warns vehicles following that it is slowing down, has proved so valuable in America that its use is almost universal.

The tramcars in Baltimore, Ohio, however, have made a departure by adopting a similar system. On the rear end of all the cars red and green lights have been installed. When the car is running at its usual speed the green light burns, when it is slowing down the red and green lamps burn, and when it is about to stop the red light shows. Drivers of motor-cars are not required to depend on guesswork to show just what the tramcars are going to do.

La Sécurité dans les Rues

La lanterne rouge à l'arrière d'une automobile, qui lance un éclair chaque fois qu'on applique le frein et avertit ainsi les véhicules qui suivent que l'on ralentit, est d'une telle utilité en Amérique, que son usage est presque universel.

Cependant, les tramways de Baltimore, Ohio, ont créé une nouveauté en adoptant un système semblable. On a installé à l'arrière de chaque voiture une lanterne rouge et une lanterne verte. Quand le tramway va à sa vitesse normale, c'est la verte qui brille; quand il ralentit, la rouge et la verte éclairent simultanément, et lorsqu'il est sur le point de stopper, la rouge seule se montre. Les chauffeurs d'automobiles n'ont plus besoin de se livrer à des conjectures pour savoir au juste ce que les tramways vont faire.

Tales Before Bedtime

Peter's Present

PETER was greatly disappointed when Uncle Jim sent him a penholder from India for a birthday present.

"I thought Indian shops sold such interesting things," he said, looking at it dolefully.

"But it's made of real ivory!" cried Betty.

That didn't comfort Peter a bit, and he really thought his favourite uncle might have chosen something nicer.

When Daddy came home and saw the present, he said:

"Hullo! This is interesting!"

A penholder interesting! Peter sighed, and couldn't imagine why Daddy screwed up one eye and put the penholder to the other.

Betty and Peter grew more curious every moment, for Daddy was now chuckling to himself, and saying:

"Well, that brute's done for, and a good thing too. Jim looks comfortable, and I wouldn't mind riding an elephant like that myself!"

"An elephant! Oh, Daddy, what do you mean?" Peter began to feel terribly excited. Perhaps it was a sort of magic penholder.

Daddy took the penholder out of his eye, and said:

"Well, it's ladies first, isn't it, old chap?"

Peter said Yes, of course; but he really felt he couldn't wait when Betty screwed the penholder into her eye, turning it round and round until she got what Daddy called "the right focus." Then she began to squeal with delight about tigers, and elephants, and Uncle Jim, and other things.

She passed it to Peter, and he saw the penholder had a tiny spy-hole at the end, and



Daddy was chuckling to himself

when he looked through it he saw a picture of Uncle Jim coming home from a tiger-hunt.

There were native hunters, and tall jungle grass, and Uncle Jim was seated on an elephant, looking as pleased as Punch because an enormous tiger was lying dead at his feet.

"Didn't I say it was a lovely present?" cried Betty.

"Well, it is rather jolly," said Peter, having another peep. "And look here, Betty. Whenever you feel dull at lesson-time I'll lend you my penholder, and you can look through the spy-hole at Uncle Jim hunting tigers!"

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

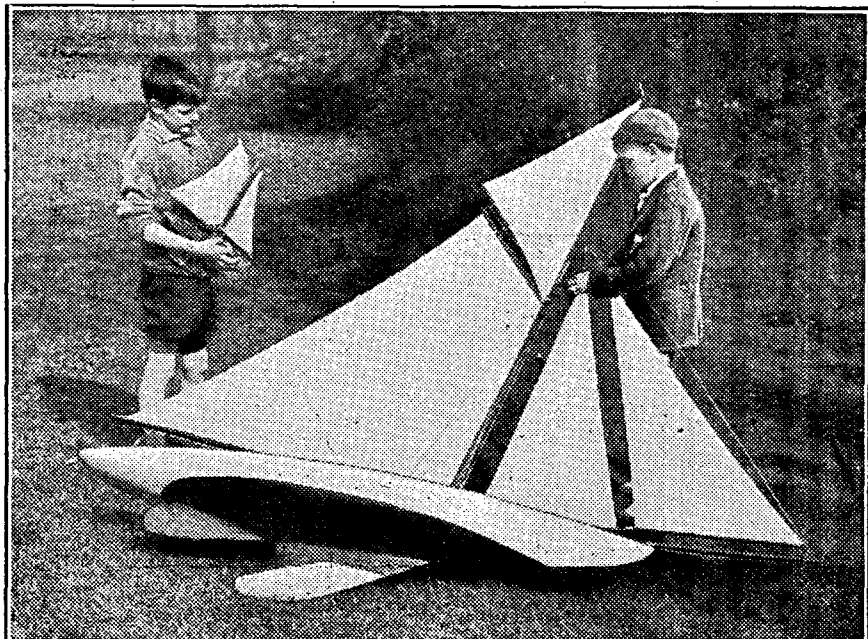
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 6, 1923

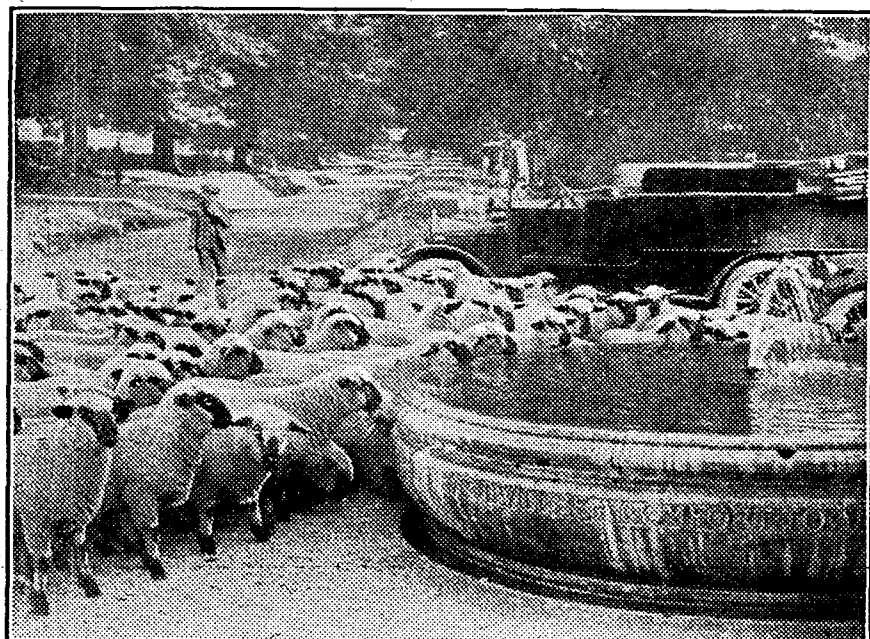
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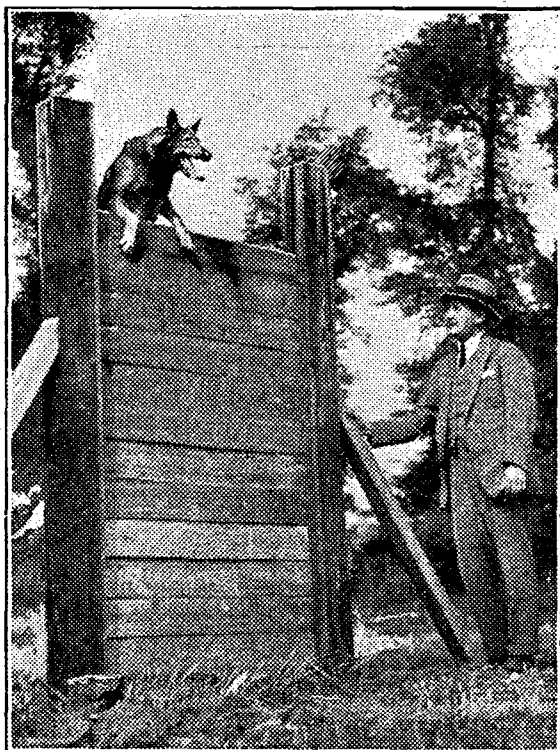
LONDON'S IVY-COVERED CHURCH · THE SEA ATTACKS THE ENGLISH COAST



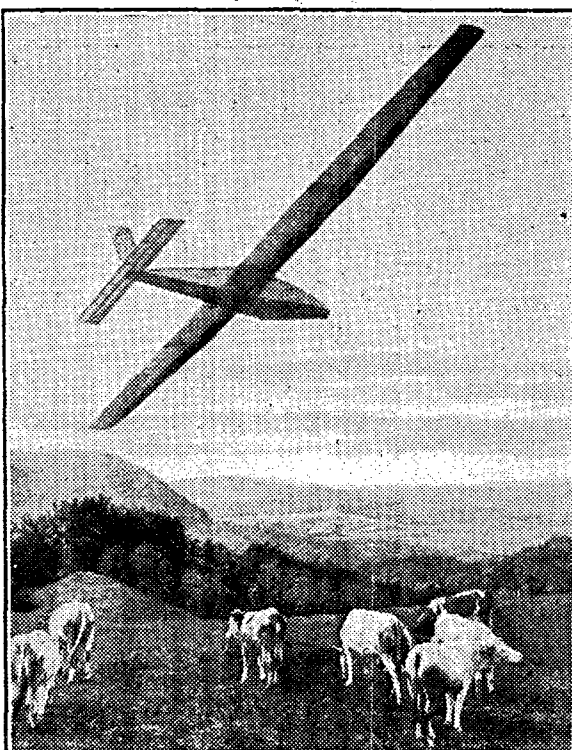
Getting Ready for the Yacht Race—A competitor in the Challenge Cup Race of the South Manchester Model Yacht Club at Whitworth Park, Manchester, trimming up before the race



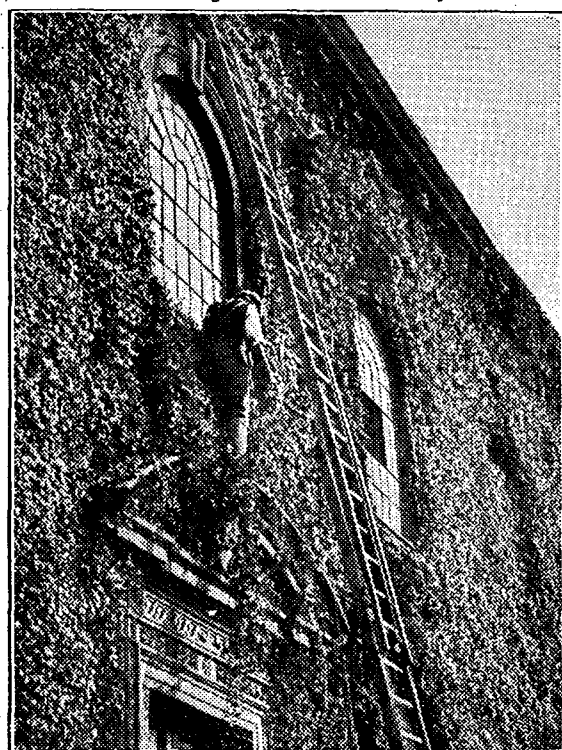
A Drink by the Wayside—These sheep, on their way home from the great annual sheep fair at Wilton, have stopped for a short rest and a refreshing drink of water at a wayside fountain



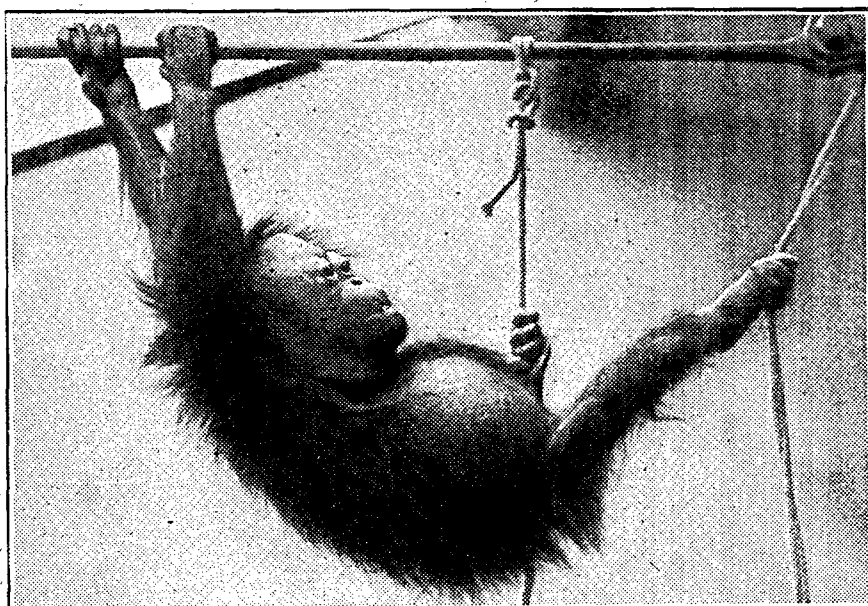
Over the Top—One of the fine Alsatian wolfhounds belonging to the Fallowdale kennels, at Wargrave, jumping a barrier seven-and-a-half feet high. Wolfhounds are trained as police dogs in Continental countries and are very teachable



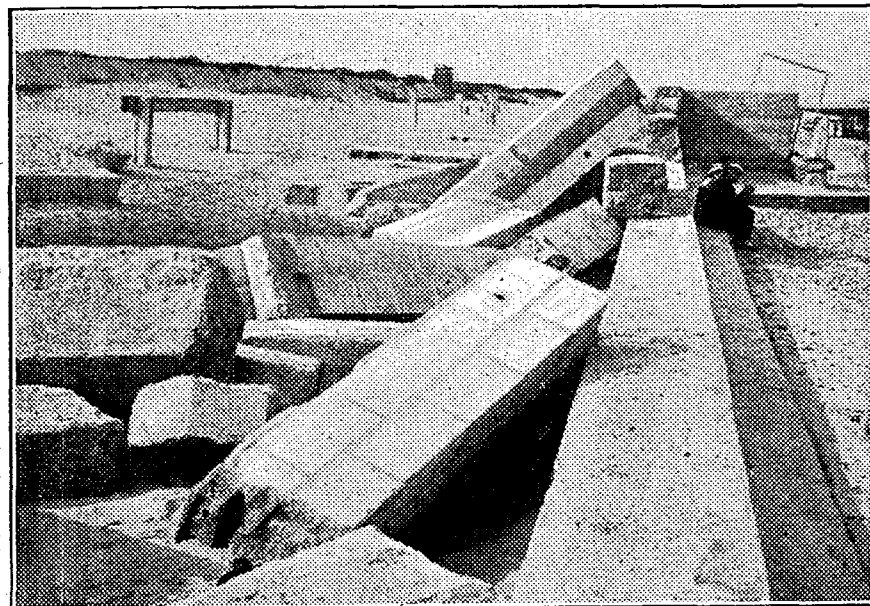
Gliding Over the Pastures—Here is an artistic setting to a picture taken during the gliding trials in the Rhone Valley, Germany. The cattle continued to graze peacefully without taking any notice of the machine passing over their heads



The Gardener Trims Up—The church of St. Andrews-by-the-Wardrobe, within a few minutes' walk of the C.N. office, has been having its ivy trimmed. No one would think this rural-looking church was in the busy city



A Clever Gymnast at the Zoo—Mary, the orang-utang at the London Zoo, is very fond of going through gymnastic exercises in her cage, and, as can be seen, she is quite a skilful climber



The Work of the Sea on the English Coast—This picture of the sea wall at Lowestoft after a series of storms is very striking. The town has to spend £10,000 a year in fighting the sea

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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